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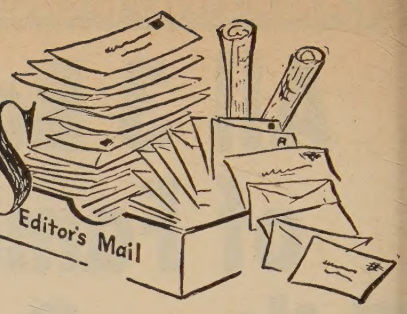
LETTERS



Our New Look

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wanted you to know that I enjoy your magazine. I especially like the "A Look at the World" articles by Anita Colby. She is a wonderful person and we all enjoy reading her monthly article.

EILEEN HOLMES
METUCHEN, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My tastes in magazine reading never attuned themselves to religious magazines. However, before I was half through THE SIGN my subscription was entered. It sells itself.

I love Anita Colby's new column.

MARIE THERESE PFEIL
ELIZABETH, N. J.

Editor's Note: So do we!

A Real Lesson

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

First of all, I would like to thank you for your wonderful magazine. Every article in THE SIGN is enlightening and interesting and the stories are warm and human.

The real reason I am writing this letter is to thank you for the article, "Holy Week on Molokai" by Brother Engelbert, S.S.C.C., which appeared in your April issue. I never knew a leper colony had such a thing as a Passion Play or their own post office and libraries. I never realized these brave people lived a life so like our own. Thank you for this enlightening article.

MISS MARY AGNES WHITTMANN
DAYTON, OHIO

Editor's Note: The principal work of the Passionist Fathers is to promote devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. The wonderful story of Molokai proves the dignity and practicality of this powerful devotion for every problem in every walk of life.

Who's Distorting History?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the recent issue of THE SIGN there was a description of the religious ceremony of the Queen's Coronation. You seemed to have omitted a very important item on this matter. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the entire procedure of this event, is one of the leading Catholics in England. His home is at Arundel Castle, in Sussex, and in the museum of the Castle are many famous relics concerning his Faith. If any of the Papal envoys sit in a tent outside the Abbey the Duke of Norfolk is the man who arranged it. His word is the final word in this event.

So it is a devout Catholic who is arranging the Coronation in this "Nominally Christian Land" which stood as a monument of courage during six years of a war Indescribable. I ask you to note these facts: Catholic Belgium and its Catholic King Leopold fell, France and its Catholic leaders fell, Austria, Ireland, and Spain harbored U-boats to sink ships from our own country. You speak of "disastrous results of shutting out the grace of God." History has now recorded these results and the disgrace cast on these Catholic countries where their leaders were traitors and cowards.

It is well not to distort history; we the people read and decide.

MRS. FLORENCE MUNSON
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Editor's Note: The Papal envoy remains outside Westminster on principle and choice and not lack of arrangement. The Catholic Duke of Norfolk is the Earl Marshal by hereditary grant to his family and not precisely because of his Catholicity. P.S. We noted the facts but question both their accuracy and application.

Our Amazing Cover

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As Commander of the American Legion, a few years ago I wrote you commending you for what I considered a straight-from-the-shoulder American editorial written by you. I felt that you were justly entitled to that praise.

Now I am compelled to register a protest, and I do trust that you will believe that I am animated by the same patriotic fervor which prompted the former letter.

The cover of the current issue of THE SIGN just amazes me, and I hate to think that you or some members of your staff have succumbed to the most outrageous avalanche of British propaganda (with U. S. money, of course) which has ever been turned loose upon any country.

The Queen of England may well be just a symbol, but she has recently entertained that overstuffed gangster Tito, and she is the head of a Government which has not only recognized Communist China, but indeed she is Queen of a land which has supplied the Reds with munitions of war which in turn have been used to kill American lads.

If the Catholic Church is going to suc-

(*Continued on page* 71)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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Rev. Damian Reid, C.P.
Rev. Wilfred Scanlon, C.P.
Rev. Jude Mead, C.P.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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Jerry Cotter (*Drama*)
Don Dunphy (*Sports*)
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Editor's Report

THE writer returned recently from a tour of Europe and the Near East. The purpose of the trip was to engage the services of experienced foreign correspondents in order to provide editors and readers of THE SIGN with reliable reports and interpretations of world events from the very places where they are happening. We are happy to report success in the venture. From material sent in by these correspondents, the editors will select the most timely and important for the monthly articles on world affairs. Especially assigned features and profiles will provide readers with background information and will give a warmth and popular touch to our foreign coverage.

A short stay in a country is not sufficient for a profound analysis of conditions. Certain impressions are inevitably created, however, and some of these may be of interest to the reader.

Europe and the Near East are in the very shadow of Soviet Russia, while we Americans are five thousand miles away. From the general attitude encountered by this writer, one would think that the opposite were true. Many of the people in these areas seem to have deliberately turned their attention from the danger that looms so large behind the Iron Curtain. Many feel that we Americans are hysterical about the whole business of East-West tensions. They think and act and talk as if they were outsiders or neutrals.

The writer expressed surprise at this head-in-the-sand attitude to a correspondent who has spent years in various countries of Europe and the Near East. His reply appears psychologically sound. These people, he said, have a more personal and intimate knowledge of war than you Americans. Because of air raids they were all as good as in the front line during the late war. Furthermore, they realize that because of scientific advances, especially the atom bomb, another war would mean the annihilation of Europe, perhaps of Western civilization. For this reason, they just cannot bring themselves to the point of believing that another war is probable or even possible.

Such thinking seems to color their whole attitude toward the problem of peace with Soviet Russia. While we Americans believe in a policy of strength and think that we can deal with the Russians as equals only if we are equally strong, many Western Europeans, especially the English, believe that all differences can be adjusted immediately around a conference table. One prominent British statesman, formerly a member of the Cabinet, told the writer that so strong is public opinion in England for a top-level conference with the Russians that one would not dare to oppose the project in public.

We Americans would not come off well in a popularity contest either in Europe or the Near East. In the latter area, we are not merely unpopular; we are hated for the part we played in helping the Zionists in their rape of Palestine. A well-informed Arab of Jerusalem, queried by the writer on the Arab reaction to the Soviet menace, replied: "We Arabs would welcome the Communists, even at the price of our own liberty, if we were sure that they would beat the British and Americans."

Such rancor was easier to understand after a visit to some of the camps where hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees live in hopeless misery. Families that once enjoyed a thrifty independence have just enough room to lie body against body, on the floor of a squalid hut. Is it any wonder that they sit by the hour looking at the distant hills beyond which lie the homes, the shops, the farms, the vineyards that were once theirs and which are now occupied by Jews brought in from the ends of the world by the Zionists? Is it any wonder that they hate us for the part we have played in this outrage?

WE AMERICANS are learning, however, even if only gradually. Not long ago, Europeans looked on us as a provincial people, cut off from the main currents of thought, ignorant of international politics. It seems to us that today the average American has a more extensive and accurate knowledge of world affairs than his European brother. And it seems to us, too, that he is a lot more willing to do something besides talking in order to make the world a better place for all of us to live in.

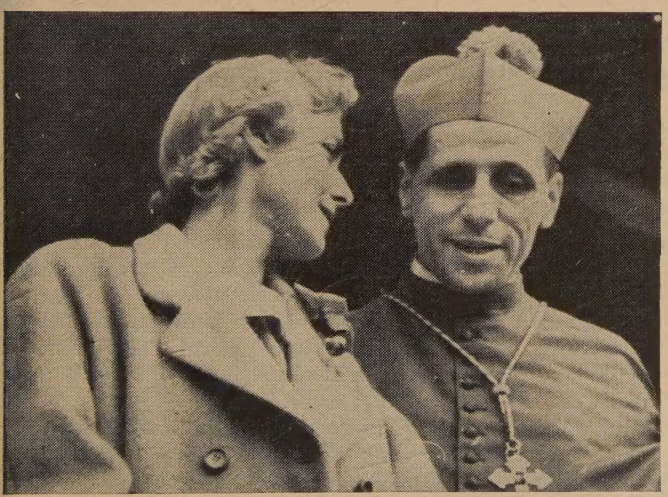
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Felici photo

U.S. Passionist Fathers, Paul Ubinger, C.P., and William Westhoven, C. P., pose immediately after Papal audience. Were Red prisoners for two years in Chinese Missions.



United Press

At Scilla, Italian Ambassador Luce chats with Archbishop Ferro. A convert and ex-congresswoman, her views on the current Italian elections have influenced many.

Dr. Rhee Against the World

SOMEONE should nominate Dr. Syngman Rhee as a giant among littler people who get votes and rule countries. The old man with the tired eyes and withered-apple skin is younger in soul and more faithful to ideals than most of the slick statesmen from better favored lands. He is also more pathetic. In his relentless devotion to liberty and his frustration in the pursuit of it, he symbolizes his people. What Dr. Rhee is, that is the history of Korea. He is a little man, helpless and wronged but undiscouraged, solid as a mountain in his expectation of justice at last. Korea is that, too.

Korea's adventures as a captive people began back in the third century B.C. They have continued almost without abatement until now. Chinese, Mongols, and Japanese have enslaved her. And now the Soviet, with its insatiable appetite for every acre and man in the world, is tearing her to pieces.

Korea and Dr. Rhee had hopes of a change for the better. In November, 1943, at Cairo, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek agreed that Korea should be taken from the Japanese and given independence.

On May 6, 1946, negotiations for a provisional Korean government broke down and the case went to the United Nations. The U. N. appointed a commission to hold Korean elections by the end of March, 1948. This commission was excluded from North Korea by the Soviet, but did supervise elections in the South.

In 1949, U. S. occupation forces withdrew from South Korea. On June 25, 1950, the North Korean Reds attacked across the border, the U. N. voted to defend, and the Korean War was on.

Truce negotiations were begun in June, 1951. And any peace which may shape up gives promise of being a peace which will divide Korea into a free and a slave state.

After twenty-three centuries of struggle, that is what Dr. Rhee sees as the sterile outcome of enlightened, modern handling, with all the impressive machinery of security which our arrogant age has been able to devise.

The current violation of Korea goes back beyond the military agression of June 25, 1950. It occurred when the Soviets refused to permit the United Nations to supervise a free vote in all Korea.

That is the event which a Korean peace should arbitrate. It is not a question of half of Korea. It is a question of all of it. The division of Korea has no legal standing. But the U. N. disposition, at this moment, would probably be for accepting the division and legalizing it. Which would be like requiring a crook to return only half the money in the stolen wallet and legalizing his retention of the rest.

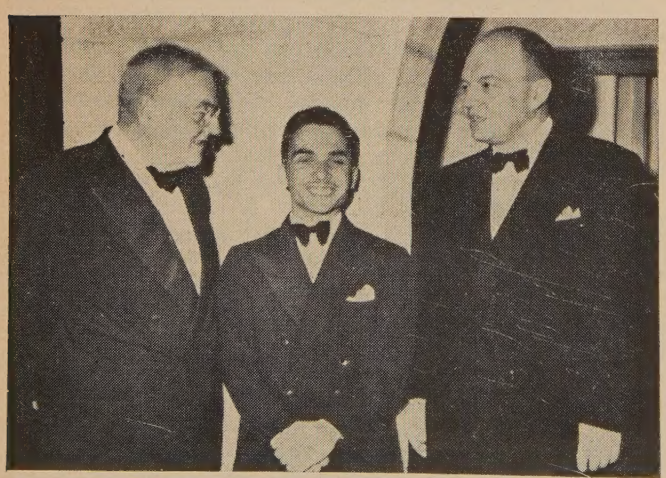
Dr. Rhee's reaction is thoroughly understandable. Korea through the centuries has fought the Chinese, the Mongol, and the Japanese. It has fought for its whole self, not for

Wide World

Pope Pius XII pins medal on Italian Olympic banner. Another example of his paternal interest in the needs and activities of our youth throughout the world.

Wide World

A Sister of Providence at Montreal shows tiny mute how to exercise muscles for speaking. No phase of education is neglected by our provident Mother, the Church.



United Press

Our look and learn leaders, Sec'y. Dulles and MSA Head Stassen, shown with King Hussein of Jordan, remind us of present strategic importance of *all* Near East nations.

a mutilated torso or trunk. If necessary, said Dr. Rhee, it will fight the U. N.

Not very practical of Dr. Rhee, perhaps. But the gesture certainly shows spirit.

There are people who think the U. N. could use a lot of that spirit.

Mr. Taft Rocks the Boat

THE little man who wasn't there made a big noise all over the lot. Senator Taft was nursing a bad hip in Holmes Memorial Hospital, Cincinnati. But he made a speech in Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza Hotel which set diplomats to mumbling into their coffee as far away as Johannesburg. The speech was read by his son, Robert A. Taft, Jr. But it was Dad who was talking. And that made all the difference. Also what Dad said.

Most of what he said was about the United Nations, and it was true. Some of it may have been rash. But that was much the smaller part.

He said that by its charter the United Nations could not possibly prevent aggression because of the veto. Any big-time aggressor can prevent effective defense against his aggression by simply voting against it. In saying that, the Senator was correct.

He said that he believes in the United Nations, but not as an effective agency against war. And he notes that practically everybody follows him in this belief. External alliances, like NATO and other regional pacts, have been found necessary. People don't just say they are necessary. They go out and get themselves one. As you go and wash your face, instead of claiming that it's not dirty. The Senator was right there also.

He said that to put real bite into the U. N. as a security organization you would have to rewrite its charter. That is true, too.

The Senator was probably rash in claiming that we might as well abandon the idea of supplying manpower to U. N. military ventures in the Far East, reserving a completely free hand to ourselves.

That, however, is only a small part of what he said. And that is the part which was probably wrong.

The Sickness and the Medicine

IT seems to us that the real sickness of the United Nations lies deeper than the Senator indicated in his speech. Deeper than the fact that scoundrels can vote themselves immune from resistance. The real sickness is that scoundrels can be members in good standing. While they are there doing their dirty work, they must be treated like angels. In fact, the rest of the world must help them to do their dirty work.

A neat instance of how this fiction of innocence works out is the U.N.'s five nation neutral commission on Korean prisoners-of-war. The commission consists of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, India, Sweden, and Switzerland. Its composition is a brutal joke. Poland and Czechoslovakia are belligerents. Every gun the Reds are using in Korea is cast from an alloy representing the whole Communist world. The sweat of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia is somehow in it, and without that sweat the gun couldn't exist.

But they are members in good standing. And the U.N. is forced to accept them as neutrals and to trust them with the delicate job of defending the rights of men whom they hate and want to harm.

That is what we mean. While slave states can qualify for continued membership in the United Nations, that body

will never long be free of the most acute embarrassment.

If the charter of the U.N. is ever revised, it should embody the following stipulations for membership: Democracy should be defined. A commission of truly democratic nations should pass on the democracy of applicants for membership. Periodically, member nations should be rechecked to make sure that they have not changed their democratic character overnight, as Czecho-Slovakia did.

This screening of membership would at least make the United Nations a clean organization. A brisk, businesslike group which would not be stumbling over enemies at every turn. And above all, an unconstrained group which would not have to treat those enemies like friends, nor give them a key to the front door and the combination of the company safe.

A Federal Sales Tax

WHEN Secretary Humphries testified in favor of continuing the excess-profits tax, he called it an atrociously bad tax. Yet he wanted it extended because of the government's need for revenue. An additional factor was the desire to retain the *status quo,* pending a thorough revision of our tax laws. Undoubtedly this complete revision will cause much controversy next year. Already the battle lines are beginning to form. The National Association of Manufacturers has come out for a federal sales tax. Labor and liberal groups oppose this as an added burden on the worker.

Our instincts naturally impel us to side with the low-income groups in this controversy. We have been taught that taxation according to ability to pay is a sound principle. Catholics who studied Monsignor Ryan's brilliant book, *Distributive Justice,* read powerful arguments for heavier taxes on the rich. Pope Pius XI also noted the value of progressive taxation.

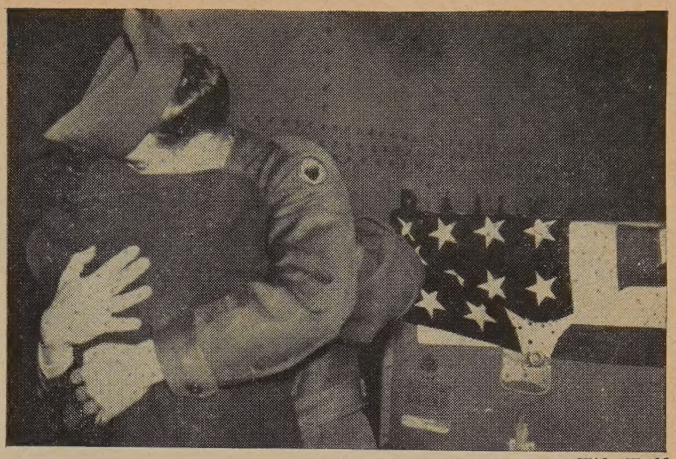
At the some time, in the interests of fairness, we must note that conditions have changed since these statements were made. Modern taxation is no longer a mere matter of personal sacrifice. It is on such an enormous scale that it is a massive influence upon economic life. Not only does it change the effective distribution of national income, but it determines to a great degree the use of the funds which remain after taxes.

There is a case for the general N.A.M. position on the grounds of social justice. The N.A.M. concedes that the wealthy should bear a heavier share of our common fiscal burden. But it argues that we should not kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. It claims that high corporate and personal income taxes cut off funds for investment. This in turn prevents the business growth which produces new jobs and higher living standards.

The N.A.M. is hardly disinterested in its arguments. It is the spokesman for wealthy individuals and large corporations. Yet we are discussing this matter in terms of principles, not personalities. On that basis there is much merit to the argument that investors need tax relief. In practice, this means the middle and high income brackets.

We could agree with these arguments, however, without accepting the entire N.A.M. program. For example, we should like to see studies of selective, rather than general, tax relief for investing groups. Two principles might be given serious study. First, we might consider a lower tax rate for income from stock dividends in contrast to interest from bonds. Bonded debt adds to the fixed charges of business. This means more distress when sales are slack and greater chance of large-scale unemployment. Tax policy could direct investment into the socially safer form of stocks.

A second principle would involve lower tax rates for in-

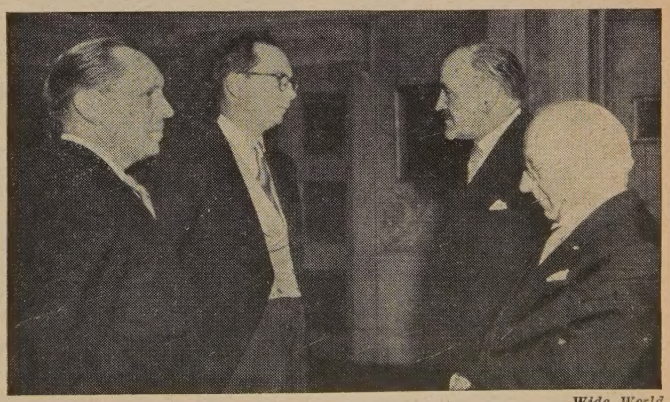


Wide World

The cost of war. A mother's tears, a son returned. But the background is yet more pitiful. The flag on coffin of her other soldier son. The Walshes have paid dearly.

Wide World

Lt. Gen. William K. Harrison's expression reflects everyone else's attitude as he leaves the Panmunjom truce talks. A truce may come but real peace is still far off.



Wide World

William Taft, newly appointed Ambassador to Eire, shown with President Sean O'Kelley. A divided Korea makes an international incident. Don't forget divided Ireland.

Harris & Ewing

Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway warns of a new danger. The Soviet Peace Offensive is leading to relaxation here and abroad. Can the U.S. afford to be fooled again?

Wide World

Eleven-year-old Song Yong Cho, a "legless" Korean waif, shown in Seattle. Mrs. Gormanson, army wife, meets him en route to a new life at Catholic Boys' Town.

come from *new* investment. Income from stock which represents new building could be taxed at the normal tax rate, rather than at the present punishing surtax. Such favors might be extended to new investment for a period of five to ten years after the stock was originally sold. In this way, our tax policy would favor an expanding economy.

As to a federal sales tax, we would favor it as a substitute for the present haphazard excise taxes. There is no reason to punish some industries by heavy taxation and to leave others wholly exempt. But the total collected by this method should not be increased. The total tax burden cannot change much until world peace is assured. But it can be distributed with an eye to its social and economic consequences.

Language—its Use & Abuse

ONE fertile field for the twisters of logic this year has been the New York City controversy over the Welfare and Health Council. This federation of social agencies had before it an application for membership from a birth control group, and asked Catholic Charities—already a member—for its view. The Catholic Charities group replied it could not co-operate with the birth controllers' immoral program and would have to withdraw from the council if they were admitted.

That was the signal for several months of almost unbelievable distortion of the English language. The Catholic Church was charged with "pressure tactics." The Planned Parenthood supporters were rallied to stop a supposed Catholic "obstructionist strategy that strikes at the very root of democratic co-operative action in this country."

Last year at the Fifth World Health Assembly, WHO was urged by some to take on a definite policy of promoting birth prevention in areas of dense population. Several Catholic countries announced that because of the moral issue involved they would have to quit WHO if it officially took on a birth control program. How does this incident turn up in the director general's report? In one place the following little lecture is delivered to the objecting Catholic nations: "One unfortunate development [during the Fifth World Health Assembly] was a threat on the part of several Member States to withdraw from the Organization . . . when it seemed that the majority might vote for a program of which they did not approve. It is hardly possible to overemphasize the harm to the Organization and to individual countries which might result from this method of voicing disapproval or disagreement."

All this casts our editorial mind back a few years to what we have always considered one of the most revealing conversations of modern times. The year was about three years before the Korean war. The scene was a U.S.-Russian meeting on the future of the Korean peninsula. The Americans were insisting that all political parties should be allowed to take part in free elections. The Red delegates held out for a rule that would have, in practice, barred all parties in South Korea but the Communists. The American side pointed to the issue of freedom of speech—and with consummate coolness the Soviet delegate replied: "We wish one thing clearly understood. We Russians, too, highly value freedom of speech. In fact, we prize it more highly than you. We think so much of freedom of speech that we see no point in wasting it on those who will not in the end agree with us anyway."

It begins to seem as though this is the criterion to which the freedom of Catholics and the Catholic Church is now to be subjected by the ever more vociferous elements of so-called "liberal" secularism. They will accept us among them and respect *our* beliefs, when once we agree to *their* belief that it doesn't much matter what you believe anyway.

▲ *Albertus Magnus College, powerhouse of spiritual freedom. Msgr. Adolf Kindermann, sturdy founder of a unique work* ▶

Iron Curtain Seminary

Where halls echoed with Nazi salutes, seminarians sing the praises of God. And a new fifth column is prepared to carry Christ to a Europe in chains

by BERNARD QUINN

KONIGSTEIN is a resort center in the Land of Hesse, home of the Hessians who fought against George Washington in our War of Independence. Clustered on a hillside overlooking the town are twelve buildings through whose heavy, oak doors pass some of the most special students in the world. They are the West Pointers of the Catholic priesthood, destined for duty in extrasensitive locations—on either side of the Iron Curtain.

These dozen buildings are officially known as the Albertus Magnus Seminary. They were constructed after the first World War with German labor to house French troops on occupation duty in the Rhineland.

Eventually the buildings passed from French to German hands and, during the Hitler era, their halls and courtyards echoed to the booted tread of Nazi soldiers. Today there are no rifles in the armory, no monocled "brass" meditating aggression and mapping tactics for a blitzkrieg. Both the men and the spirit have been replaced.

The men have not the fevered, dangerous look of the visionary ideologist. Many are past the age of literal soldiering. They have their banner, though, in the Cross. And they are preoccupied with tactics. But the tactics are contrived for the conquest of souls.

The Albertus Magnus Seminary was the dream of a husky, fifty-two-year-old, dark-haired former university professor, from Prague. He is Monsignor Kindermann, a refugee like the students who are his charges. He was forced out of his native Czechoslovakia after the war. But not until after several months in Communist prisons, because, as a Catholic priest, he was declared a spy.

After his release was accomplished through the intercession of friends, the Monsignor left Prague in a hurry. He managed to get the use of two trucks, and in them he packed the thousands

BERNARD QUINN is on the staff of the U. S. Army Public Information Division in Germany. He has published several articles in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Msgr. Kindermann welcomes a refugee priest

Sisters of St. Katherina direct domestic department

of books from his library and the bust of St. Albert the Great which now occupies a prominent place in his office in the main building of the seminary.

Once in Germany, this priest-migrant looked around for the site he wanted and the help he needed. He received both from the Government and the people of the Land of Hesse. In May of 1946, he opened a school in the former Wehrmacht barracks. That the venture was started on a shoestring is to state it mildly. "I waited until November of that year for the first student," the Monsignor told me. "He was poor. From the East Zone of Germany. Today we have fifty-two from there. They are poor, too."

The word eventually spread through the grapevine. Through Bavaria, Baden, Hesse, the Rhineland, and behind the Iron Curtain into East Germany. Would-be students trooped to the Seminary site. Their ages ranged from eight and ten years to well over twenty, which is the age-range for the present-day enrollment.

Former soldiers, priests before their Army service, made their way to Königstein. Some came on crutches. Mere children came, and most of them stayed. A farm boy arrived one day in the spring of 1947. He had walked all the way from South Bavaria, sleeping in the fields at night, working for a meal at farms en route. He had heard about the Seminary through the local priest.

During the first two years, he and other students worked long hours to help build the school chapel where Mass is now celebrated daily.

Conditions at the Seminary have improved considerably over those which prevailed in the early days. There is more food and warmth, and forty-two ordained priests are proof that the efforts are meeting with success. The 230 students of today who are minor seminarians, and the 170 theology students, are cared for by 13 professor-priests, 17 nuns from Silesia, lay teachers, cooks, secretaries, and Catholic Action workers.

An average of forty students are expected to be ordained each year, starting in 1953. Ironically, almost everyone connected with the Seminary is, like the students, an expellee.

The first six students to graduate received their Orders at a special ceremony in Limburg Cathedral. Some of the new priests are now ordained behind the Iron Curtain, but the details of that contingent are locked up in Monsignor Kindermann's files.

This new army of God appears very tiny when contrasted with the requirements before it. It must administer to the equivalent of the entire population of the State of Illinois (9,000,000). The number of Catholics among the millions who fled into Germany equal approximately the combined populations of Pennsylvania (10,500,000) and Michigan (6,500,000). All who fled did not find a haven. Death overtook millions.

The West German Government recently revealed that it has no record of 2,300,000 expellees who started westward. They are considered lost. Among them were 2500 priests. Many thousands are believed to be in East Germany. But there is no record of them. The Communists do not maintain statistics on such expendable items as human beings.

The Seminary at Königstein, however, has not forgotten them.

The seminarians eat food grown by themselves

The hope of the Church is in such youngsters

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Women Do Not Talk Much

LAST WEEK I attended a meeting of the League of Women oters of Westchester County. In itself it was an interesting nd heartening thing to watch this group of women and to now there are many others like them in the country, all orking for one object: for better government and a better nderstanding of government problems. Last year, when I ientioned this League, I was quickly informed by several eople that this organization is communistic. I have so far ound nothing to warrant this accusation. This year, in fact, ie newly elected president of our own group is a Catholic.

After the meeting, I was thinking about the reticence of iany Catholic women to enter into general discussions of enefit to their community or country, and I began to won- er what is it that paralyzes otherwise sensible and intelli- ent women so that they do not take up studies of govern- ient or become active therein. No doubt it is compounded f many things, but surely to a great extent it is an old orld legacy which says that priests know all the answers and ill speak on such matters.

It is certainly true that they do know the answers on faith nd morals, but I am sure no group of women wants to get gether to discuss theology. But there are lots of matters hich groups of women could discuss with their priest in ieir church and which, alas, they rarely do because they re not given any encouragement. In Germany and in Ire- and there was the theory that a priest can give the answers eeded both on church and state matters.

But this is the United States, a land which allows its omen to speak and to act on their own, and the meeting I oke of was typical. Here were women of education, omen who did not really have to come together for a erious meeting, but who came because they wanted to iscuss the affairs of their government, consideration of the uture of their country and their families.

The speaker of the day was Mary Donlon—also a Catholic, y the way—and she spoke on the judicial system of the coun- ry—the third arm, she called it, of our government and the ne to which often too little attention is paid and then un- orthy men are selected or appointed. She made this seem- ngly uninteresting topic of the courts so alive, showed its amifications into all our lives so clearly, that her audience istened with deep interest and later asked many questions.

Of course, it is not only Catholic women who are often shy nd inarticulate in public. There is a deep humility in omen and, contrary to certain masculine jokes, women do ot talk a lot until they know what they are talking about. Maybe we are just shy, maybe we are still scared, maybe we lon't want to be laughed down by superior masculine opin- on, but it is my measured opinion that women want to be ure before they talk. We are never the greatest geniuses r morons either, according to scientists; these titles we must eave to the other sex. But I think we have a lot of common ense, perhaps developed through the centuries from con- act with geniuses, morons, and average men, and I think it s high time we used some of this in our muddled world. And here are a few things we might take up and talk up or lown as needed. For one, the silly idea that because men are ministers they should not be investigated for possible Communism, whether leanings or membership. I have before me a lovely folder, inviting the innocent to a big meeting of the New York Peace Institute. "Peace under the Stars" it is headed. Paul Robeson was scheduled to sing and three of the speakers were a Methodist minister from the Bronx, a rabbi, and a minister from a community church in Brooklyn. "Children under twelve free" is also printed there.

Bomb Control and Ex-Communists

THEN I THINK we ought to go deeper into the matter of the soon-to-come-if-not-already-here hydrogen bomb. Here the theologians would fail us, I warn you, for two well-known members of the same religious order are, one against bombing civilians, the other for it. And now the papers say that, if the Communists are also making hydrogen bombs, the combined dropping of them by both sides would bring into being a thing the scientists call Carbon 14, which means we will get so much carbon from explosions that the least unhappy result will be necrosis of the bone and the worst the extinction of genes, which means extinction of the race.

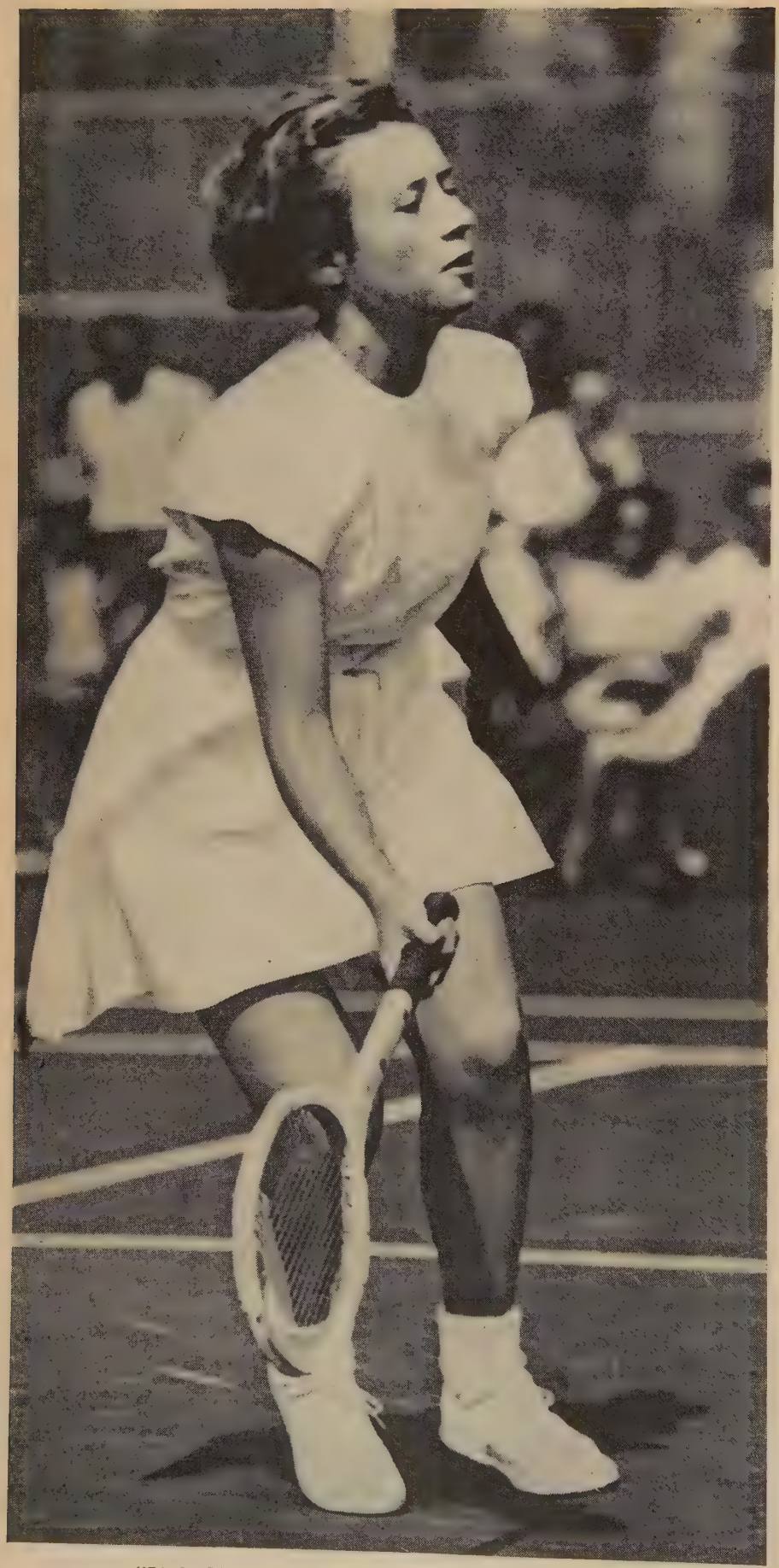
I think too that women should take a hand in seeking out and being kind to those who have left the Communists and returned to sanity and United States ideals. They are, after all, converts of a sort and often people with good minds and sensitive; considered as deserters by those they leave cold and cold-shouldered by the rest of us, they are apt to lead unhappy lives. Ernst's book on the American Communist says the kindest treatment is from Catholic religious, and that is a fine thing to know. But it is socially too that they need help so that they will not slip back again in order not to be entirely alone.

Baby Prevention and Baby Bonus

WE COULD WITH our voices aid Father Corley, S. J., who advocates a baby bonus program for families with three or more children. We spend, he observes, over nine billion dollars a year on alcohol, and the Sarnoff commission says we have so far wasted five billion dollars in our defense department, so he thinks we could raise this other sum.

This would also be very unpleasant news for the Planned Parenthooders, who recently in New York City have been admitted to membership in the united groups of city charitable associations. Of course, the idea of their being a part of these groups is ridiculous, since this is not a charitable association at all, save as it considers the limiting of families should depend on the amount of income they have, a thoroughly pernicious and illegal idea, since it interferes with the inalienable right of people to decide on the size of a family. This is a very vicious idea, and Catholic women should make an issue of it.

When I listened to Mary Donlon last week, speaking so earnestly to many women listening so earnestly, I wished I could enlist many, many Catholic women to organize, not perhaps in this particular group, but in their churches, in groups which would study the facts and dangers and hopes of our country. We have equal rights. We also have equal responsibility.



"Little Mo" is a dangerous opponent on the courts

Maureen Connolly, pint-sized package of tennis dynamite, is everyone's "kid sister." They're always rooting for her to win. And she usually does

THEY call her "Little Mo." In tennis circles, the nickname has come to express the admiration that fans and players alike have developed for a brown-eyed teen-ager from California. From Forest Hills to Wimbledon, Maureen Connolly is everybody's "kid sister," and they're always rooting for her to win. She usually does.

At an age when most girls are still only half-decided about careers, this blonde colleen is working hard at two. Holder of the United States, British, and Australian titles, she is undisputed queen of the courts. Against stiff opposition she has swept the women's tennis division in a manner reminiscent of another Golden State champion, Helen Wills.

Between tournaments she works hard on the bottom rung of the journalistic ladder as copy girl for the *San Diego Union*. If she applies to this career even half the determination and skill shown on the courts, the Connolly by-line should be a familiar one ere long.

The experts say that tennis is on the decline in the United States. They point to the sad record of our recent Davis Cup teams which have bowed to the spartan-trained, invincible Australians since 1950, and they scan the horizon for likely youngsters to take over when today's players are through.

Frankly, the prospects are dim in both men's and women's divisions. The optimists point out, however, that the situation was much the same back in September 1951 when a sturdy-limbed, tenacious sixteen-year-old came out of the West and electrified the tennis world.

Maureen has been doing it ever since. In two years she has done more to revive interest in big-league tennis than any other player. Spectators find her personality as fascinating as her game. They love the strut in her walk, her pluck and assurance, and her obvious delight when the final point is scored.

Whether in Melbourne, Wimbledon, or Forest Hills, the crowds perk up when "Little Mo" appears. Small in stature, she dashes around the court like a fast, graceful gremlin. She is usually in the right spot at the right moment, making

Little Miss Dynamo

by PEGGY COTTER

eturns with power and near-perfect lacement. Experienced, top-flight stars ke Doris Hart, Shirley Fry, and Nancy haffee Kiner have been consistent vic- ms of her tremendously efficient and ell-planned game.

Youngsters around the country are nowing a new interest in tournament nnis, and much of the credit is being assed along to the enthusiasm and pirit which Maureen has brought to her articipation in it. Her "Yeeow" re- ction on winning the coveted United tates Women's title two years ago was typical teen-age response to victory.

Maureen learned to love the game he first day she peeked through a wire nce in San Diego's Balboa Park and atched professional Wilbur Folsom iving a lesson to a young pupil. When e beckoned her in to try a set, Maureen arned two things which were to affect er life almost immediately: she liked nnis, and being left-handed was a andicap. Overcoming that handicap alled for hours, weeks, and years of edious volleying, endless serves, and any miles of footwork. Like Suzanne englen, rated by the experts as the reatest woman player, Maureen learned at champions are not born, but made.

WHAT makes Maureen's accomplishment unusual is the tender ge at which she determined that noth- ng—parties, fun, rich food, movies, or ther sports—would interfere with her oal to become a tennis champion. After he three o'clock bell at Our Lady of eace School, Maureen would be off to he courts, working to perfect her back- and and develop those blistering round strokes which have spelled ruin or many opponents.

"Maureen is never satisfied with what he has done," says Eleanor Tennant, he former champion who became the irl's coach and mentor about eight ears ago. Teacher and pupil have come long way together since 1945. Through ocal and state tournaments, to the Na- ional Junior title, and from there to Forest Hills, where Maureen astounded he tennis crowd by upsetting powerful Doris Hart in the 1951 semifinals.

Then, on a memorable afternoon, when it seemed that the plucky youngster had gone as far as she could, Maureen beat Shirley Fry in a relentless 6-3, 1-6, 6-4 match. With fast, precise ground strokes and a strong baseline attack, she proved that stamina and determination more than compensated for lack of experience.

The English title fell next, then the Irish crown and a hard-won victory at Melbourne, followed by an enthusiastic hometown reception and many more sun-baked hours of practice. This summer she is off to the wars again. In France, she took the women's singles title from former champion Doris Hart. After the Italian nationals, she will compete in Switzerland, Spain, Belgium, and Sweden, defend her Wimbledon title, and return for Forest Hills play in late summer.

Despite her strict attention to business and her admission that "all I ever see when I'm playing is my opponent. The next court could blow sky-high and I wouldn't even notice," Maureen is a rather typical, bubbling youngster off the courts. It isn't likely that her life is going to be distorted by her allegiance to a sport. Her sense of values is too solid for that.

MASS and Communion are the first orders of tournament days for the girl who has retained the fundamentals she learned in her school years at San Diego's Academy of Our Lady of Peace and Cathedral High School. Her membership in the Legion of the Sacred Heart has also helped mold the standards by which she intends to live.

Maureen's father, Navy CPO Martin J. Connolly, died two years after she was born. Her mother, Mrs. John Berste, and a grandaunt live with her in a modest bungalow near the all-important tennis courts.

Watching Maureen in action against seasoned veterans like Shirley Fry or Doris Hart, you are amazed that such a small package contains so much court dynamite. She slams the ball across the net with deadly accuracy, maintains balance with the agility of a ballet dancer, and is a mistress of the fast maneuver. Natural co-ordination combined with power make her game almost unbeatable.

"I'd like to keep on as an amateur for several years, then maybe turn pro," Maureen remarked after a particularly gruelling Forest Hills match. "Not before, though. I'm having too much fun as an amateur."

"Little Mo" is out to set new marks, but you get the impression that the minute the fun goes out of the game, she will too. Chosen the country's "female athlete of the year" in two successive Associated Press polls would seem to be the zenith for even the most ambitious youngster. But to the attractive miss who is equally interesting as a poker-faced court fighter or a typical dance-minded teen-ager, publicity is of little concern. The scrapbooks her mother keeps are there only because friends in different parts of the country send clippings to Mrs. Berste.

"Little Mo," so-called because the sportswriters felt it best described this pint-sized bundle of tennis dynamite, has enrolled in the new San Diego Diocese College for Women. This fall she starts a course in journalism there.

The greatest drawing card in tennis today, Maureen has the equipment every champion needs: an ability to move as fast as she thinks, the unswerving determination to win, and that undefinable "color" which spells the difference between an ordinary champion and the special kind.

Best of all she has the innate common sense and the humility to take titles and cheers in stride.

Teen-ager Maureen Connolly hopes for new triumphs abroad

North of the Border

Native Indian totem pole in Stanley Park, Vancouver

Canada is big, thinly populated, natural, a wonderland next door. You couldn't count its lakes, mountains, and other eye-filling tourist attractions

by ***ANTHONY J. WRIGHT***

A BORDER makes a world of difference to a traveler. The mere crossing from one country to its neighbor produces an excitement and hope that hardly any amount of traveling in one's own land will provide. One would suppose that Canadians and Americans had been dropping in on each other for so long now that the novelty would have worn off, but, instead, the trip across the line takes on fresh attractions every time.

In 1953, for example, about 20,000,000 visitors from the United States will come to Ontario, nearest Canadian province to the most populous part of the U. S. The nine other provinces of Canada are also expecting larger numbers of holidaymakers from the south this year than before. These border crossings are a two-way tide that, fortunately, shows no signs of lessening. Canada is as pleased with this tourist traffic from the U. S. as she would be with a bumper wheat crop or a general cut in income taxes. The holiday trade is just as important to the life of the nation.

However, mention of the part played by the visitor's dollar in the economy of Canada might raise the bogy of commercialism. Fortunately, Canada is so large and so thinly populated that its biggest attractions are the natural ones and they have not been spoiled by the touch of the promoter and the moneymaker. The biggest booster of Canada as a vacation land is the Government itself, with its Canadian Government Travel Bureau in Ottawa. You'll find them helpful and not too boastful. They have offices in New York, San Francisco, and Chicago, and a Canadian Trade Commissioner in Los Angeles will also provide literature and information. Their particular slogan is "Canada Vacations Unlimited" and, provided you are not one of those unreasonable folk who leave home "to get away from it all" and then break out into a rash because a foreign country does things differently, you'll find the slogan pretty well backed up by facts.

Since pockets and mileage have to be considered, where you go to in Canada depends, in large measure, on where you start from. But the chief playground areas north of the border have something for most tastes, so picking a spot or a route is not too hard. Before packing, a thought or two about currency and customs might save trouble or headscratching later on.

Until just recently, largely because of enterprising U. S. investment in Canadian natural resources the Canadian dollar stood a little above the U. S. dollar in value. Just now, the two currencies stand at about equal value, and will probably remain so for the vacation season. If you bear in mind that the U. S. dollar is still thought more of than the Canadian in the European black markets and, indeed in most parts of the U. S., you will not resent the Canadians themselves keeping one eye on the exchange rates.

There is no delay or difficulty about crossing the line itself. U. S. residents need no passport, but everyone is advised to bring some form of identification, whether birth certificate, naturalization certificate, or proof of legal residence, to show U. S. officials on the way back home. If any four-legged companions are coming along, it would help to have a health certificate from a local vet. for them. In general, any special rules you may think you need to know, any licenses you require, such as fishing and shooting permits, can be learned about or obtained, before you start, from the travel or wildlife department of the provincial government of the Canadian province you are visiting. At

most border points there will be an information bureau ready to help. Some of them even provide free long-distance phone calls to book accommodations.

If you spend forty-eight hours or more in Canada, you will be allowed $200 worth of goods duty free on your return to the U.S. This exemption applies once every thirty-one days. For a stay of twelve days or more, you may add $300 to that exemption; however, this additional exemption is only allowed every six months. If you are the gun-toting type, whether shotguns or rifles, report the firearms to Customs on your way in—you may keep the shooting irons with you under authority of a nonresident hunting license issued by officials of the province you are visiting. Your car will be welcome without payment of duty or deposit for periods up to six months; the customs man will hand out a permit to admit it.

WITH this red tape unraveled and off your mind, as it were, it is about time to look at the various chief regions of Canada and size up their holiday prospects. For convenience, they might be split up into the two seacoast areas—the Maritimes in the East and British Columbia in the West—and then into three other areas. These are the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and then, jointly, the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

If, like myself, you look to the sea to spruce up your mind and body at holiday-time and regard fresh water as a kind of impertinent substitute, then it will be one of Canada's ocean coasts for you and the family. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland are the four Maritime Provinces, the route by which European explorers found the country. You will not find replicas of Atlantic City, Coney Island, the Riviera, or Florida in these parts. But you will discover pleasant resorts, not expensive, their people filled with the trust, hardiness, and patience of a race who understand the sea and know how to wait for its tides and forestall its feminine moods and occasional tantrums.

New Brunswick has 600 miles of Atlantic coastline, such celebrated resorts as St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, just a few miles from Maine, twelve million acres of woodland, hundreds of lakes, one of the world's greatest salmon streams—the Restigouche River, the Miramichi well stocked with salmon, sea, and lake trout, and many other lakes and streams full of game fish. Thousands of vacationers have found the province's beach colonies good spots for sunning, bathing, and sea-fishing. New Brunswick, however, is not loud or vibrant. Like the Maritimes generally, it is more

Niagara Falls, Ontario. With its American sister-city traditional haunt of North American honeymooners

★

Boating on Lake Waskesiu, Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan, 360 miles north of Montana

★

Visitors at the lookout on Mount Royal, Montreal. Montreal is a city of two languages and European overtones

Peace Tower, Ottawa, Ontario. Visitors with operetta-glamourized "Mountie"

Lac Ouimet, near St. Jovite in the Laurentian Mountains, sixty miles northwest of Montreal

a region for a restful change, pleasant driving, and a good deal of sport than for an exhausting, paint-the-town-red type of holiday.

If you want fishing with more of a "bite" in it, à la Hemingway, the neighboring province, Nova Scotia, has celebrated swordfish and tuna waters off its 4,600 miles of coastline, and Wedgeport stages an annual International Tuna Cup event. For game-hunters there are white-tailed deer (the province claims more per square mile than anywhere else in North America), black bear, grouse, pheasant, partridge, geese, and brant. In addition to the sandy beaches, common to this part of the world, there are historical attractions like the memorials to the men of Virginia and New England who joined in the bitter fights here between French and English for control of America. Early explorers and Norsemen knew the province and, in 1605, the Port Royal Habitation near Annapolis Royal was the first permanent white settlement on this continent north of the Gulf of Mexico.

Halifax, the chief city, is also Canada's main Atlantic naval base and is worth including on a tour. Cape Breton Highlands National Park, on the island of that name ten minutes by ferry from the mainland, has a spectacular seventy-mile drive along the Cabot Trail. The views of hills, sea, and valley give a remoteness and tranquillity hard to find so near to busy towns.

Prince Edward Island, which from the air looks like a reddish kidney-shaped piece of land, is easily reached by ferry from Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick. P.E.I. calls itself the "Garden of the Gulf" and provides the kind of restful change, with swimming, golf, tennis, and boating, typical of the Maritimes.

Newfoundland, Canada's newest province, has the oldest city in North America, St. John's, as capital. The island may be reached by boat from Halifax conveniently and will provide an excellent fishing and hunting vacation.

For West Coasters or those for whom the Pacific, coupled with impressive mountain scenery, fills the bill, British Columbia is Canada's most attractive province. It is 50,000 square miles larger than the states of Washington, Oregon, and California combined and has the mountains of Switzerland, the fiords of Norway, and some of the quiet charm of Great Britain. It romps away with top marks for temperate climate in Canada, and its main city, Vancouver, is a large bustling metropolis.

Where the Maritimes scenery is on the restful, charming side, that of B.C. is majestic. There is plenty of game and good fishing, with wolves and cougar added to the bear, deer, and moose found in other parts of Canada. Vancouver is a port-of-call on the steamer route from Seattle through the Inside Passage to Alaska. Perhaps the briefest and yet most eloquent description of the possibilities of a British Columbia holiday is to say, with the official travel guides, that skiing and golfing are year-round sports there. It seems rather unreasonable and churlish to ask for more from any climate.

Alberta calls itself a "mile-high mountain playground." It is a lot of other things these days too, with ranching, swimming in heated pools, the 2,564 square miles of Banff National Park, the classic beauty of Lake Louise, "one of Nature's masterpieces."

On the south of the Banff Park is celebrated Jasper National Park, a mountain kingdom extending 250 miles along the eastern slope of the Rockies. Golf, swimming, tennis, dancing, and trail riding are some of the pastimes and the park is a great wildlife sanctuary. Rocky Mountain or "bighorn" sheep, mule deer, elk, black, brown and, further away from the townsite of Jasper, grizzly bear make their homes in the region.

Fishing and hunting, with all the relaxation which goes with holidays near rivers and lakes, are the chief attractions of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. If you are really adventurous, and a traveler with vision, you can, with a special license, hunt the belugas or great white whales of Hudson Bay from

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ANTHONY J. WRIGHT has written for *Columbia, Popular Mechanics,* and other publications. He is a regular correspondent for the *Irish Independent* and the *Birmingham Post.*

Percé, easternmost point of the Gaspé country of Quebec. Gaspé rock and Bonaventure Island in distance

Bears on the Akimina Highway in Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, Canada

Mount Eisenhower, Banff National Park, Alberta. Named in honor of the "General"

Churchill, Manitoba. But that's hardly a family holiday. Canada geese, partridge, pheasant, mallard, and prairie chicken are common in Manitoba, where there is some of the best duck hunting on the continent.

The main draw in Ontario, for U. S. residents, would appear to be its closeness to many of the more populated parts of the United States. It has hundreds of thousands of lakes, excellent fishing in lake and river, and noted boating and sailing opportunities with pleasant trips in such regions as that around the Thousand Islands near Kingston, Ont. In an automobile, you can tour in leisurely style through the orchards of southern Ontario, pause for a look at Toronto, the chief city, and take in a day or so of sightseeing in Ottawa, federal capital of Canada.

To the east comes the province of Quebec, with Montreal its largest city and Quebec City its capital. This province, the home of Canada's citizens of French language, often strikes visitors as the most "different" and the more exciting of Canada's provinces. On steamer trips down the St. Lawrence, during days and nights of Montreal with its two languages and its somewhat European overtones, and in the historic and thoroughly refreshing atmosphere of Quebec City, it is hard to believe one is within a few hundred miles of New York City. Not that there is any aspect of Quebec blatantly set apart from North American life as it is generally known; there is rather a quiet gaiety and Gallic spontaneity about the old province.

Having been on a rapid bird's-eye view of Canada, there is still the heartburn of that old question, "How much does it cost?" You can spend as little or as much as you like on accommodations and that is the chief worry usually. Take Ontario, for example. A family of four can get a two-weeks' vacation at a good, medium-priced resort for about $250. There are many resorts where the American plan rates are as low as $20 per week. Good housekeeping cottages may be rented for $25 to $30 a week or cabins for six dollars a night. In general, the Government Travel Bureau in Ottawa, one of its branches in the U. S. mentioned earlier, or the travel and publicity departments of the ten Canadian provinces will set the minds of prospective tourists to rest on all such practical matters.

Those who come to Canada do so usually drawn by the lure of the border. Across it they expect to savor life with a slight difference, of pace and of aspect and, if they know their own tastes and what gives a welcome change in fixed routines, they are not likely to be disappointed in Canada, especially if they remember that "beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder."

The Sign's

PEOPLE

of the Month

Early this year, people in Denver began to talk when a prominent Denver doctor and a beautiful young lady dropped out of sight at the same time. There was no cause for scandal, however, as the two were one and the same person, **Doctor H. R. Del Marmol,** head of the anesthesiology department of Denver General Hospital.

The reason people were talking was because this lovely and talented woman, already a success in a difficult field, was leaving to become a teaching nun. Humorously named the "Sand Lady" by her medical confreres in anesthesiology, Dr. Del Marmol was immediately urged to adopt in religion the name of "Sister Anesthesia," a suggestion which she rejected with a characteristic grin.

The daughter of a New Orleans exporter, Alfonso Del Marmol, now retired, she comes from a family noted for its contributions to the Faith. One of her ancestors was the Spanish saint, Marie del Toledo, and two of her aunts are members of the community she joined in January, the Congregation of the Assumption. Another aunt is the famed Señorita Del Valle, who gained renown during the revolution in Mexico and who has made a number of lecture tours in the United States.

Doctor Del Marmol's brother, the Rev. Alfonso Del Marmol, S. J., is now stationed in Ceylon. Her mother, Mrs. Clara Del Marmol, is prominent in Catholic Action work in New Orleans and still finds time to teach music at Newcomb College of Tulane University.

The doctor is now at Ravenhill, Germantown, Pennsylvania, where she will spend some time as a postulant and then, upon completion of her postulancy, as a novice in the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Assumption.

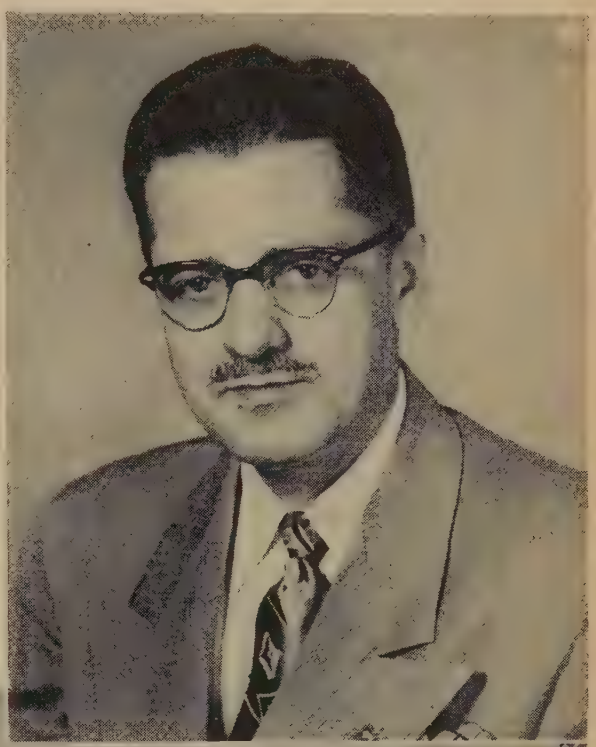
(Top) James J. Metcalfe, poet laureate of the American common man. The world of ordinary things and people is his specialty.

(Bottom) Metcalfe, with his wife and family. From the atmosphere of this fine Catholic home, the oldest son has now gone to Korea.

What are poets made of? In the case of America's best-loved oet of daily life, **James J. Metcalfe,** the combination is indeed nusual. Jim has been at times FBI agent, a reporter for the *hicago Daily Times,* a government worker, and is also the father f a fine, happy family. From such an assorted background, it is ot surprising that he has a knowledge and an insight into people iat give his poems a human touch that plucks the heartstrings of illions of Americans. The simple nationwide syndicated feature iat is his brainchild is the daily poem, *Portraits.* Poet Metcalfe, devout Catholic, explains the reason for his ability as a versifier. That's my way of saying 'Thank You, God' for the gift He has iven me."

Mr. Metcalfe's simplicity of style has caught the fancy of the ublic for years. The bespectacled, dark-haired poet generally ikes fifteen minutes to an hour to compose one of his poems. He roduces a poem every day. His backlog usually keeps him six nonths ahead of schedule. His poems are written longhand in a omposition book. Most of them are composed after midnight in he peace and quiet of his home.

Today James Metcalfe is the picture of a contented man. He is wenty-five years married to his charming wife. He is doing the ork he loves best. He is a page of Americana all his own. Best f all, he has never lost his sense of indebtedness to God. He con- eys it to others. His reflections as poetic philosopher have even aved the life of more than one reader. His fan mail is tremendous. "The world is full of ideas," he explains. And he loves people and heir ideas.



"Davvy"

In a barroom's afternoon quiet, shattered faith was mended by a man who knew a father's feeling for a son

by MILDRED LYNN GREENWALD

IT was a drowsy, mild afternoon in the Golden Bird Bar and Grill, with the summer sun casually hammering against the large plate glass window and splintering the drawn venetian blind into changing patterns on the broad beamed floor. It was a typical afternoon, with nothing much happening at this particular hour. Usually the quiet didn't bother Davvy, who was attending to his barman duties just as if the place was crowded. Nothing bothered Davvy. "Before you know it today's yesterday, so why worry?" he'd grin when someone protested his complacency.

Today, though, the stillness rubbed against his nerves. Rubbed them raw, he thought jumpily. It would have given him relief and pleasure to have flung the glass he was polishing through the plate glass window right where it said "Bird" in heavy golden letters, except that later on he would have to pay for his unrestrained gesture. Where's the percentage? he shrugged, and forgot about the window. Nothing else to do, he took another squint at the Bird's solitary customer: a young fellow with an elbow braced against the Flemish oak bar, his chin leaning in his cupped hand. The kid was still green behind the ears, thought Davvy. His narrow flushed face, under a thatch of curly light hair, was tight and grim. His eyes were dark brown, and sick. Like a beaten dog's, you might say.

Only Davvy wouldn't, for experience had endowed him with a certain shrewdness for sizing up a customer. He knew the ones who cadged drinks, forgot their wallets, were stalling for time, were going to be sick as blazes the day after. This one, he speculated as he wiped a glass and held it up to the light, was having woman trouble. He never knew it to fail, the giveaway in a man's eyes when he'd reached for heaven and missed the rung. A man in his line couldn't allow himself to be overly sentimental, Davvy reminded himself, and went at the task of getting the cocktail glasses out, next shoving the splits into a handier spot for the later crowd. Even with that activity occupying his hands, the feeling of unease kept buzzing around in his mind like a horsefly.

He blamed it on the kid. The kid reminded him of someone, that was what. Scratching his ear, he tried figuring it out, and couldn't. He couldn't exactly remember, but it was someone tall and reedy; that was sure. The name would come popping at him when he least expected it, decided Davvy, and mopped his perspiring face with his handkerchief. After that he reached under the bar for the *News* to settle down to a little reading. He turned to the sports page and spread it out before him. Knuckles rapped against the bar and Davvy looked up.

"More of the same," ordered the kid, thickly.

Davvy shoved the paper back on the rack and moved leisurely. He looked the kid over carefully, much as he used to do when he ran a concession on Coney's midway, guessing people's weight. "Why don't you call it a day?" he suggested.

"One more."

Davvy tried persuasion. "Look, why don't you lay off for a while? You know, get your bearings and then if you still want a drink—"

The brown eyes widened and flared. "I didn't come in for advice." The sensitive young mouth slanted scornfully. "I get that for free. On the hour . . . every hour." His voice took on volume and feeling.

"Pipe down," cautioned Davvy sharply. From experience he knew the kid was going to be the confidential kind. Up to there with confidences he was, thought Davvy with disgust. He shrugged. Maybe he could take one more, just one. He said wearily: "Parents lay it on a bit thick at times." Nobody'd said anything about parents but it might remind the kid he had a home and he'd make for it.

The kid shook his head, looked at him owlishly wise. "It's not parents. It's my mother."

Davvy saw it coming and tried to stave it off. "Well, if your old man can stand it you ought to be able to," he said good-naturedly and turned away to regard the middle-aged and well-dressed couple coming through the opened door. As he did he became acutely conscious of the mild afternoon flowing past the door, of shining cars going places, of pastel colored cabs cruising for fares. It was a nice afternoon for it, nice to be out in the sun and away from work. A young woman in a green dress and tightly clasping the hand of a tow-headed youngster went past. The youngster as he peered in screwed up his face. Davvy smiled and let his mind laze for a pleasant moment; then he brought himself back sharply, for the couple stopped at the bar instead of slipping into one of the

"Pipe down!" cautioned Davvy. He knew the kid was going to be the confidential kind

banquettes like couples usually did at this time of day. The woman ordered a Daiquiri, the man a Tom Collins. Davvy mixed and served the drinks.

The kid spoke up cockily. "Wassa matter, isn't my money any good?"

Davvy walked down to him. "Sure it is, sure it is. But we were talking. Remember?" The couple at the end of the bar turned curiously and Davvy gave them a sidewise wink, and returned his attention to the kid. "About your mother and your old man now—"

THE kid's eyes came up from the glass he'd been staring at. "My old man? My old man drank like a bum," he declared contemptuously.

Davvy regarded the sick eyes and the flushed young face. It was an old story to him. But to this kid? "I wouldn't say that," said Davvy in a confidential tone. "Maybe he had a liking for the stuff. But a bum?" Davvy's voice grew warm. "He was one swell egg at the time he used to come in here."

"Aw, don't hand me that," protested the kid rudely. "He never came in here. You wouldn't know him if you fell over him. Why, you don't even know his name."

"Want to bet?" grinned Davvy.

"I'm betting," said the kid grimly.

"What's *your* name?"

"Russ Whitcomb, Jr.," replied the kid with dignity.

"Yep, that's just who you are," declared Davvy lowly, visibly moved. "I knew it the minute you came walking in through that door. I took one look and I said to myself: 'if that ain't Russ Whitcomb's boy I'm a winged toad hootenany!'"

The kid leaned on the bar and spoke awkwardly. "You're the first person I ever met who knew him."

"No," protested Davvy.

"S'fact," asserted the kid. "You see, he lit out when I was a kid and he never came back."

"Well, naturally, I didn't know. Your pop'd never tell me a thing like that . . . He thought a lot of you, Russ," said Davvy. "Always talking about you, about what a swell kid you were. He even carried a picture of you in his wallet." Davvy's round face broke into a grin. "No wonder I recognized you, huh? That picture, Russ, that's what did it!"

"Aw, he was stringing you," protested the kid. "How could he have gotten a picture of me? He never came close enough to recognize the spots on my tie."

"Could I have recognized you if I hadn't seen the picture?" demanded Davvy.

"Well—" The young face started to smile and then swiftly it turned into a sullen mask again. "Know something else? He never sent my mother so much as one thin dime from the time he left. He must have spent it all on booze. Some old man, wasn't he?" He shoved his glass toward Davvy. "And I'm just like him, my mother says," he added bitterly.

So there *was* a woman in back of the sick look in the kid's eyes. A righteous woman with a scornful glance and the tongue of an adder which having poisoned once must poison again. Not that Davvy had seen the kid's mother. He just knew the make-up of these women who took a man's heart and shriveled it dry as parchment. "Look, son," he began hesitantly. That wasn't the way, he realized. It must be man to man stuff, right off the cuff. He began again. "Your Dad wasn't like that. He didn't have a mean bone in his body. Maybe a little weak but who ain't, I'd like to know. That's why he cleared out, Russ, he was too weak to stand up to her."

"Did he have to leave me too?"

"What else could he do on the lam?" shrugged Davvy. "Besides, you needed your mother."

"Then why didn't he look me up when I was grown if he was such a swell guy as you say?"

• One should only confide one's secrets to him who has not tried to guess them. ***—Diane***

"How'd you know he didn't?" insinuated Davvy softly. "Ever think of that, Russ? Ever think he might have followed you in the street, trying to catch a glimpse of you as you played, to hear your voice. He might have watched your windows at night even." Davvy couldn't help the quiver that slid into his voice.

"He could have done *something* to let me know," persisted the kid.

"He could have," agreed Davvy shortly. "But he had the fool idea that a kid torn between two fires was already licked and that's why he didn't. Screwball, ain't it?"

There were shadows in the Golden Bird now. Shadows and quietness. The one loquacious customer of the afternoon asked a question that pierced the quietness and then became a part of it, for it belonged there.

"Is my father dead? I have the feeling he is. Mom doesn't."

Davvy rubbed his chin slowly, looking down at the bar. "I wish I knew. It'd just be like that guy to go off quietly, wouldn't it? No fuss, no grieving. What a man . . . Like a little ginger ale to whet your whistle?"

Russ Whitcomb Jr., gazing at the glass window and through it at the memories etched somewhere in time, shook his head. After a moment his glance came back to Davvy. "I think I'll make for home . . . Funny, my coming in here today and you knowing him," he said unsteadily.

Davvy gave a shrug. "Oh, I don't know. Lots of funny things happen to a person. I've figured out that there *is* a Guy up there watching over us like the book says." He flashed a somber smile. "Lay off the heavy booze, Russ. And make your old man, wherever he is, proud of you. And I wouldn't tell Mom, if I were you, about us meeting," he said significantly. "After all, it's a bar and— S'long, Russ."

He watched the kid walk out of the Golden Bird Bar and Grill and with the kid's departure the place seemed quieter than ever. The funereal silence was more than Davvy's nerves could stand. He glanced nervously at the clock on the opposite wall. It was hurrying on to four-thirty. Any minute now the crowd would begin flowing in, enlivening the place with voices and friendliness and laughter. That was the way he liked it, friendly and bustling.

The gray-haired man from the other end of the bar caught his eye and spoke pleasantly. "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with that young man. Lucky break, your knowing his father, I'd say."

Davvy picked up the empty glass. "I wouldn't know the kid's father from Adam," he said briefly.

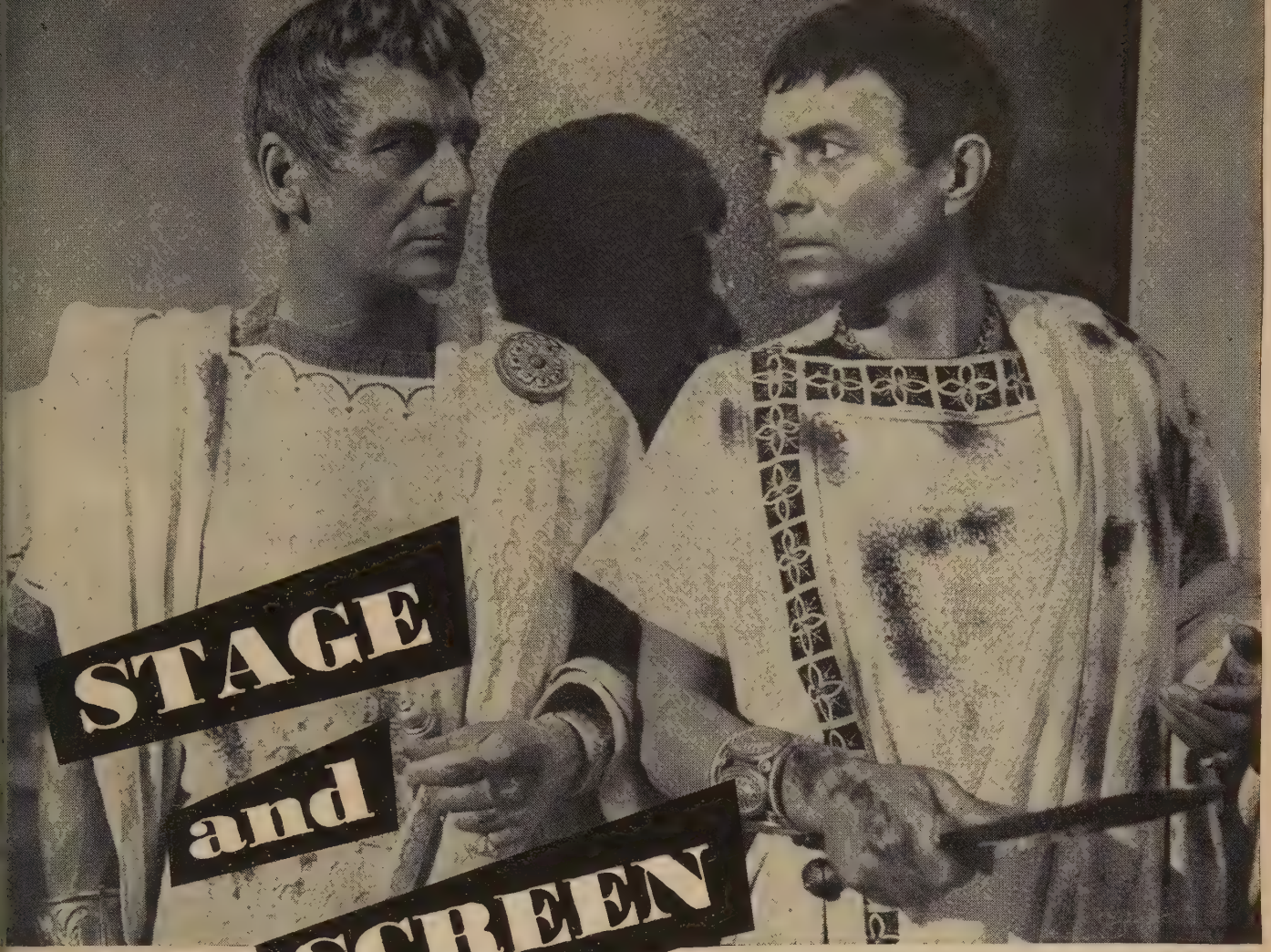
The man gave a chuckle. It irritated Davvy. This always minding someone else's business, making light of someone else's heartbreak— "Another Tom Collins, sir? Another Daiquiri?" he said briskly.

"Please."

DAVVY mixed the drinks dispiritedly. Now he knew whom Russ Whitcomb reminded him of. Funny it hadn't come before. Of course his son Jimmy was only seven but already he was shooting up like a reed, a thin reed.

Yeah, he'd sure be glad when the crowd started to come. You didn't have time to think when your hands had to keep on the move. And he didn't want to think. Just to hope. To hope that some day some guy would do as much for his kid. Besides, he wasn't going to take much more of Laura's nagging, bitter, jealous lip. Not much more. Another scene like last night's—

But why fool himself, he thought drearily. He'd never walk out. He hadn't the guts. But, why should he? He loved his kid, didn't he?



STAGE and SCREEN

John Gielgud and James Mason, as Cassius and Brutus, in the film, "Julius Caesar"

by JERRY COTTER

Julius Caesar

In the midst of its anxieties and exploitations of new technical developments, the screen returns to a basic dramatic concept and unveils a work of art in this version of the Bard's Roman tragedy.

A succession of simply mounted, intensely effective scenes carries Shakespeare's brooding intrigue from its inception to bloody climax and to tragic conclusion on the plains of battle. Without frills or embroidery, but with a considerable degree of artistry, the interpretation by a superb acting company marks this as a motion picture event not to be missed.

As the "noblest Roman of them all," James Mason is magnificent. He is closely shadowed by John Gielgud as Cassius, an interpretation that brings the screen to a new acting maturity and force. Marlon Brando offers intensity and determination to the role of Marcus Antonius, his best effort to date, while Greer Garson's Calpurnia and the Portia of Deborah Kerr are fleeting gems.

Whether you see *Julius Caesar* on the wide screen or the old size, it is a production you will long remember. All minor flaws considered, it is a motion picture big enough for the widest screen Hollywood can conjure, and executed with an understanding to satisfy the most determined purist.

Reviews in Brief

ALL I DESIRE is compounded of potions which made dime novels tick. Furthermore, it has glycerin-eyed Barbara Stanwyck on hand to whip up emotions as a runaway wife and mother who returns years later, supposedly a great stage star. Her latent mother instinct and respectability are whirled into frenzy when a former boy friend tries to renew their old relationship. She whips him with her riding crop, shoots him with his own rifle, and is dissuaded from a second flight by her ever-loving spouse and children. Miss Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, and Maureen O'Sullivan are swamped by the banality and foggy moral values in this cliché-cluttered script. (Universal-International)

The third dimension has been pounced upon by Hollywood as a lure for reluctant patrons and cure-all for the industry's ills. To date it has offered only the frail novelty of a new toy, and **SANGAREE** does little to improve the situation. A dog-eared carbon of Margaret Mitchell's Southern saga, this has piracy off the Georgia coast, bubonic plague in Savannah, illegal slave trading, a red-haired spitfire, a sham duel, and one of those romances in which the principals bicker and glare until the misty-eyed fadeout. All this in well-rounded polaroid episodes in which knives, lighted torches, and barrels are flung with indiscriminate vigor at

the audience. Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl, Tom Drake, and company are called upon to strike conventional attitudes and recite trite phrases, in this too-familiar adult melodrama. (Paramount)

Esther Williams treads tested channels in **DANGEROUS WHEN WET**, an amusing, but occasionally water-logged, comedy. A few songs, a bit of comedy, some romance, and an underwater cartoon sequence help pass the reels as Esther trains to conquer the English Channel. The victorious climax finds her stumbling exhaustedly onto the sands of Dover, aided by a handsome French champagne salesman she met in the Channel one foggy day. Charlotte Greenwood, Jack Carson, William Demarest, and Denise Darcel add to the chuckles, and Fernando Lamas is the Gallic hero. You have to be in the mood for this style of cotton-candy comedy. (M-G-M)

THE JUGGLER was filmed in Israel, with Kirk Douglas and Hollywood technicians providing the professional touch. As a documentary study of the developing country, it has many interesting scenes, but the story line is confused and far from convincing. Douglas is seen as a neurotic DP, unbalanced as the result of concentration camp horrors, who flees regimentation and heads for the open country. Because the pace varies from melodrama to clinical study and the basis of the mental problem is never clearly defined, this is only mildly stimulating adult fare. (Columbia)

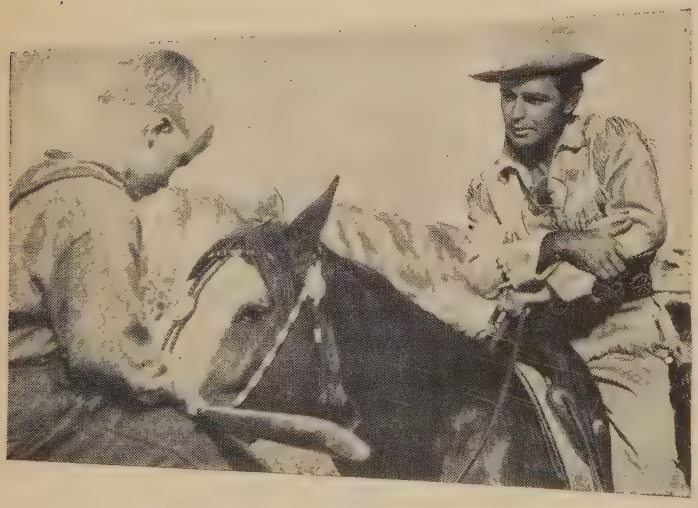
In every facet **SHANE** is a brilliant production. Nominally a "Western," it encompasses far more than the usual gunplay, fast action, and familiar byplay of the pioneer sagas. Director George Stevens has given it a dimension and power which has been missing from the outdoor narratives since John Ford's *Stagecoach*. Action and dialogue are kept to a minimum as the camera follows a deliberate-paced version of the age-old homesteaders-ranchers feud. The stunning Wyoming backgrounds play a vital role in establishing varied moods. Photographed in the Grand Teton country, the visual beauty is alone worth a visit. Performances by Alan Ladd, young Brandon DeWilde, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and the entire cast are on the same high level of the production's technical accomplishments. Adult in tone, due to the violent nature of the story, this is pictorially, dramatically, and technically superior. (Paramount)

If you've a yen for the type of horror movies so popul twenty years ago, **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOM** should be irresistible. An atomic test in the Arctic rous a prehistoric monster who has been hibernating for hundred million years." Thawed out, he decides to vis New York and follows the Arctic Stream down, sinkin ships, crushing lighthouses, etc., on the way. His sightsc ing tour sends Manhattan into a frenzy and is interrupte at Coney Island by a National Guard marksman who fir a radioactive isotope into the monster's neck. On that no of victory, life presumably returns to normal. The acto involved will undoubtedly appreciate anonymity. (Warn Bros.)

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET is a lurid and generall unconvincing melodrama in which espionage, sex, sadis Communist agent, and pickpockets are indiscriminate mixed. It is neither attractive nor plausible enough warrant attention. Richard Widmark and Thelma Ritte give competent performances, but the scales are tippe against them in this morally inadequate excursion to th underworld. (20th Century-Fox)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have their best script to dat in **SCARED STIFF**, as they struggle with haunts and gang sters in addition to their usual frenetic standbys. Zombie on an island off Cuba are their biggest menace, and if yo can take zombies plus Martin and Lewis in one dose, thi is for you. Lizabeth Scott, Carmen Miranda, Dorothy Ma lone, and William Ching gear their performances to th slapstick pace of this Latinized farce. (Paramount)

Offshore oil drilling in the Gulf of Mexico is the topica basis of **THUNDER BAY**, an excitingly developed stor presented in the new widescreen process with stereophoni sound. This system of projection, utilizing a screen twenty three feet by forty-three feet, serves to enhance spectacl movies of this type. Though they add little to the more intimate scenes, the various widescreen processes now in us have a far more powerful impact than the highly touted 3-D projection. James Stewart and Dan Duryea carry the story burden in this tense conflict, as ex-GIs with a scheme to drill for oil offshore. Their project brings them into a violent clash with shrimp fishermen who have used the waters for generations. Even without its technical advance



ents, this is a powerful story with a fierce hurricane se-uence dominating the visual excitements. Gilbert Roland's erformance as a Louisiana fisherman is outstanding. Jniversal-International)

onald O'Connor and his talking mule share honors again n **FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN.** An amusing omedy for those who enjoy the antics of gabby animals and onfused young comics. This will undoubtedly fare best ith the Saturday matinee set. (Universal-International)

TALAG 17 is a sobering study of existence in a Nazi pris-ner of war camp. Flashes of humor, toned down a bit rom the stage version, relieve the grim nature of the drama. The plot deals with the efforts of internees to ferret out an nformer in their midst. William Holden contributes a onvincing portrayal as a cynical, unpopular suspect, while very member of the large cast is excellent. Timely in its elation to the POW issue, this has special appeal for the nale audience and is restricted to adults. (Paramount)

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE was in original form a whimsical comedy of canal-boat life. Now it has Techni-olor, songs by Dorothy Fields and Harold Arlen, Jack Cole horeography, and Betty Grable. You'd hardly recognize he old Erie, much less the story. Settings are effective in apturing the brawling spirit of the Canal characters. Grable fans will have little difficulty recognizing their star ven in 1850 garb. Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, John Carroll, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Kathleen Crowley help out, but ot enough to make this more than an average adult musi-al. (20th Century-Fox)

YOUNG BESS is a timely romantic drama in which the first Elizabeth of England is idealized out of recognition and the Tudor Era given some new interpretations. It is primarily oncerned with her infatuation for dashing Admiral Seymour nd the effect this frustration has on her character and thus n history. Aside from the inconsistencies of a plot which gives characters and history one dimension, this is an inter-sting, beautifully photographed reconnaissance in a period when intrigue, danger, and death were constant court at-endants. Romantics will find it more rewarding than the serious student of history, as Mary Tudor is maligned in looks and reputation. As the lonely young princess, victim of court chicanery and unrequited love, Jean Simmons combines appeal and determination in proper blend. Stewart Granger is as dashing and heroic as Errol Flynn ever was, and Charles Laughton gives Henry VIII expected grossness and sensuality. Deborah Kerr, Kay Walsh, Leo G. Carroll, Cecil Kellaway, and young Rex Thompson as the boy King Edward, acquit themselves well. Emphasis is on dialogue rather than action, with none of the pageantry and spectacle of the era. (M-G-M)

Garland Roark's **FAIR WIND TO JAVA** doesn't explore any uncharted waters as it spins a yarn of fabulous diamond fortunes, piracy, and skullduggery in accepted pulp-story style. Some thrills are provided by an erupting volcano and a tidal wave, but even these phenomena cannot compensate for a stereotyped story and pallid performances. Fred MacMurray has done much better than this. Vera Ralston hasn't, and in addition is badly miscast as a Javanese dancing girl. Victor McLaglen grimaces throughout—probably reflecting audience expression. (Republic)

New Play

Cole Porter and confreres are well below par in the musical **CAN-CAN**, which attempts to dazzle the viewer into submission. Paris at the turn of the century has proved a profitable setting of late, so a raffish, rowdy Montmartre musical was inevitable. It was equally inevitable that good taste would be notable only by absence. What is surprising is the mediocrity of Porter's score, the wretched dullness of the libretto dealing with the "evils of censorship," and the absence of any real wit or humor in the dialogue. Choreographer Michael Kidd and his principal dancer, Gwen Verdon, exhibit the only genuine talent in the troupe, though their inventiveness is often in lamentable taste. Comic Hans Conreid gives the proceedings a brief lift with a burlesque duel scene, but Parisian singer Lilo and Peter Cookson are handicapped by their material. The flimsy story becomes more than a bit unsavory as it belabors the point that restrictions of any sort are bad. Most of the time this seems determined to prove the fallacy of its own argument.

1. Alan Ladd chats with downhearted Brandon de Wilde in "Shane," superior Western drama

2. Joanne Dru and James Stewart in "Thunder Bay," story of adventurers who seek oil under the sea

3. Jean Simmons as the princess, with Stewart Granger, object of her infatuation in "Young Bess"

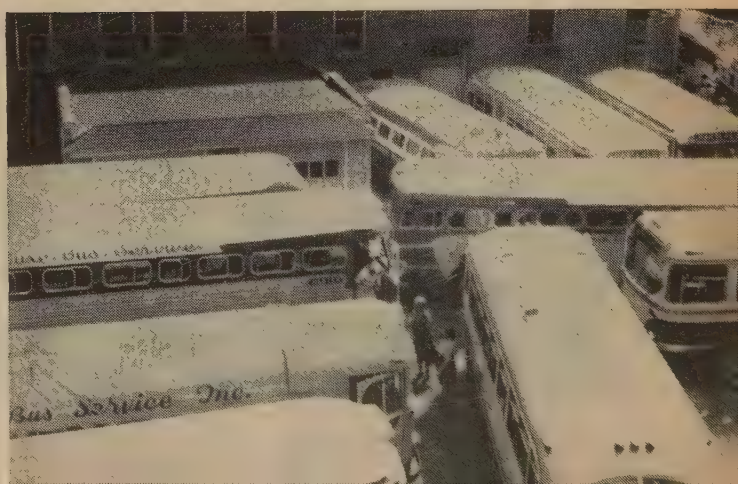
A portion of the huge throng that attended closing services in honor of St. Ann in Scranton.

SAINT ANN OF SCRANTON

Nowhere in the world is a saint loved with more affection or honored with more devotion than is good Saint Ann in the coal regions of Pennsylvania

THIS July thousands of people will travel to the Passionist Monastery of St. Ann, in Scranton, Pa., for the annual novena to the mother of the Mother of God. In existence twenty-eight years, the novena attendance is the largest in the country. As many as twenty-five thousand people are present at the devotions daily. On the feast of St. Ann the throng swells to over one hundred thousand! Pilgrims come from twenty-seven states, five provinces of Canada, and from Mexico. As many as ninety-two long-distance busses park at the monastery; special trains and cars bring thousands more.

On the Feast Day, services are conducted in English, Italian, Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian. On occasion there is a special Greek Rite service. Twenty-three priests hear confessions in ten languages, and ten thousand Communions have been distributed on the Feast. Twelve priests spend the entire day and evening blessing pilgrims with the relic of St. Ann. Many of the visitors bring basket lunches and spend the entire day on the spacious monastery grounds. Ambulances and cars drive up with invalids who attend the services, receive the Sacraments, and are given a special blessing with the relic. Masses begin at four-thirty A.M. and continue every half hour. The outdoor stations are in constant use. Saint Ann is not unmindful of her devout clients, as thousands of letters of thanksgiving attest.



Long-distance busses are closely parked in the monastery yard and on side streets.

Above: Pilgrims march up in line to receive a blessing with the relic of good St. Ann.

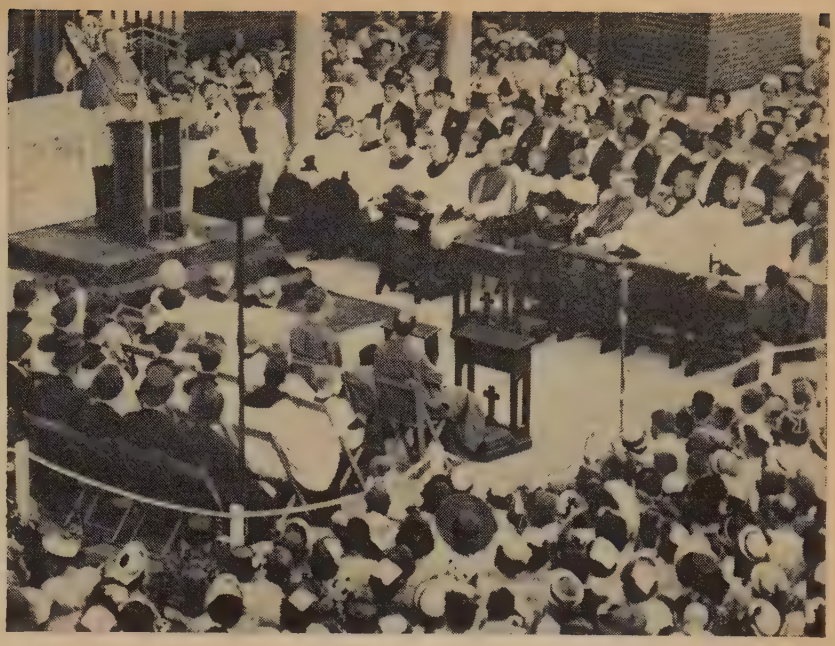
Upper corner: 96-year-old Michael Hickey, who has never missed a novena in 28 years.

Left: A priest goes to the cars, blessing the sick and those too infirm to stand.

Lower corner: Led by a priest, a group of Slovak pilgrims make the outdoor stations.

Below: A devout little girl recites the novena prayers unaware of the photographer.

100,000 STRONG



bove: An old client of St. Ann is this Italian dy fervently making the Sign of the Cross.

ight corner: Bishop Hafey speaks before the hurch and lay dignitaries at final service.

ight: A group attending a novena service in ne of the five foreign languages.

ight corner: Pilgrims flock to the grotto and ray before the statue of St. Ann.

elow: Refreshment stands on the grounds are owded by the all-day pilgrims.

SIGN PICTURE STORY

The Sign of Friendship

by **MALACHY McGILL, C.P.**

It was easy to like Jesus. There was that added grace in His smile and flash in His eye. But it took the rousing shock of Calvary to show what a friend He was

THE most striking thing about the friendship of Jesus Christ and His Apostles is the abruptness of its beginning. The Baptist had been preaching and baptizing on the banks of the Jordan and now in the late afternoon his hearers are dispersing and setting out for their homes. Standing next to two youthful disciples, John and Andrew, the Baptist nods his head in the direction of a figure in the passing throng and says simply: "Behold the Lamb of God." Sensing the invitation implied in these words, the two young Galilean fishermen immediately take leave of their master and set out to overtake Jesus of Nazareth. They quickly catch up with Him and, accepting His offer of hospitality, remain with Him the rest of the day. Deeply impressed by the Rabbi from Nazareth, Andrew rushes to his brother Simon and tells him excitedly: "We have found the Messias." Simon asks to be led to Him and is startled to hear Jesus tell him that his name shall be changed to Peter, the Rock. The next day as He is setting out for their homeland of Galilee, they accompany Him and on the way, they meet a fellow townsman of Peter and Andrew, Philip of Bethsaida, who also accepts Jesus' invitation to follow Him. Later they come upon Nathanael, who is so overwhelmed by Jesus' miraculous knowledge of his whereabouts that he exclaims: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel." (John 1:49)

The Gospels do not go into greater detail in describing this first meeting of Our Lord with His future Apostles. But by its very brevity the Scriptural account does suggest to us the overpowering effect that this first meeting with the Saviour had upon this little group of Galileans. At the time Jesus was not a public figure in Palestine. They knew next to nothing about Him, except the few brief words of the Baptist which they did not fully understand. And yet the impression made on their minds by His appearance, His words, His whole personality is such as to induce them to follow Him unhesitatingly.

Imagine how intently these practical-minded fishermen studied their new-found Master as they walked along the road to Galilee. How closely they observed Him with their eyes! How keenly they appraised Him with their minds, endeavoring to sound the mysterious depths of His soul through His conversation, His gestures and expressions, His tone of voice!

As these first few days in His company lengthened into weeks and months, their admiration and enthusiasm, their awe and respect for their new Master were congealing into a bond of friendship that was to transform their lives. Day by day, new facets of His personality, of His mind and soul, of His spirit were revealed to their eyes through His deeds, His words, His whole approach to life and to the world of men in which He moved. They were charmed by His gentle cordiality at the wedding feast at Cana and utterly amazed by the discovery of His mysterious power which so unpretentiously changed water into clear red wine. A sterner side of His character was revealed when they beheld the fury of His righteous indignation drive the vendors from the temple like chaff before the wind. They shared His compassion for the sick when they saw Him restore to health Peter's mother-in-law. They were present that same evening when the sick and crippled of Capharnaum gathered about Peter's house and were utterly astounded to see Jesus cure not one or two, but all of them.

Their friendship with Him had also been strengthened by another bond. After they had been with Him for some time, Jesus selected them to be His associates and co-workers in His work and mission. Henceforth they were to dedicate themselves exclusively to becoming "fishers of men" under His guidance and tutelage. His work became their work; His interests, His aims, His plans became part of their own dreams and ambitions. Their friendship with Him and with one another was now based on united endeavors to establish the Kingdom of God.

This common objective, however, was understood only imperfectly by the Apostles at this time; their conception of the Kingdom was earth-bound and nationalistic. And this attitude affected their relations with Him and with one another. They dreamed of an earthly glory for their Master which was altogether at variance with His own plan and objectives. They pictured Him in His Kingdom surrounded by the might of armies, the trophies of victory, and all the splendor of an earthly monarch. In regard to other matters these twelve men had already made great progress: they had modified their own ideas and conduct according to His teaching and admonition; they had adopted His own divine attitude on so many aspects of life and human activity. But on this basic question of the nature of His mission and of the character of the Kingdom He had come to establish, they still held deeply entrenched notions that could only serve to distort His words on the subject and to hinder the perfect attainment of their goal. Hence it was of supreme importance that He bring them to a correct concept of Himself and of His mission.

TO accomplish this, Our Lord intended to place their friendship with Him on a firmer, more elevated, and more enduring foundation. They had been with Him for nearly a year now. Their eyes had witnessed miracle after miracle—not isolated instances but whole throngs of diseased and crippled restored to health and soundness of body. Their minds had been overwhelmed by the splendor of His power. Their ears had heard Him speak words of life words such as they had never heard before, words spoken with authority, word

ILLUSTRATION BY DOM LUPO

The saints knew that the cross is the measure of true love. Everybody loves as much as he will suffer

ch penetrated into their hearts and ls and cast a new and clear light n human living and its eternal tiny. They had seen and heard all ; now what did they think of Him? at was their opinion of Him? Jesus s the question squarely to them: hom do you say that I am?" Peter, o speaks in the name of all, solemnly ms: "Thou art the Christ, the Son the living God." (John 6:70) And hearts of all of them went out to m not only as their leader, their ster, not even as the Messias, but as their Lord and their God. Then m His lips did they learn that their ndship rested on no merely human but had been instilled into their rts from above. "Blessed art thou, non Bar-Jona, for flesh and blood has t revealed this to thee, but My Father heaven." (Matt. 16:17)

By other means also our divine viour sought to correct the miscon- ptions of His Apostles. By admoni- n and rebuke, by open predictions His sufferings and death, by pointed ching that those who wish to follow m must also take up their cross, He ed to shape their minds to the idea the actual plan of Redemption in- nded by His Father. But they still pt to their fanciful dreams of a ngdom that would never be realized. But they were His disciples, His ends whom He loved so much; and He gradually and patiently worked make them of one mind with Him- lf on this crucial point of His life's ork. He knew, however, that they ould not then comprehend His words; e knew that they would need the ock of Calvary to fully appreciate at He meant by them.

Even the great Gift of His love, the oly Eucharist, emphasized the role of the Cross in their friendship with Him. Holy Thursday was the culminating point of their friendship. He was present within them, in their very bodies and souls. By this sacred union He drew them into the heart of His sacrifice on the Cross. They were one with Him—with His Sacred Body that would be sacrificed on the Cross, with His precious Blood which would be shed for them and for many unto the remission of sins, with His mind and will and soul which would express His love and obedience toward His Father even to the death of Calvary. The Eucharist set their friendship upon the foundation of the rock of Calvary.

THAT very night the shadow of Calvary fell upon them. Its horrid, sunless gloom suddenly swept over them and stole the warmth and color from their dreams. Their plans, their hopes and ambitions, their bright prospects of success came crashing down about them and there remained only the bleak desolation of Calvary. They were sick at heart as they beheld their Master tossed about in the fury of this tempest of human pride and jealousy and hatred; they were saddened and downcast as they experienced their own utter helplessness, their own fear and lack of courage. Even Peter was so weak as to deny his friendship with his Master. And the treachery of Judas saddened them to the very depths of their souls and filled them with apprehension as to their ability to remain loyal to Him.

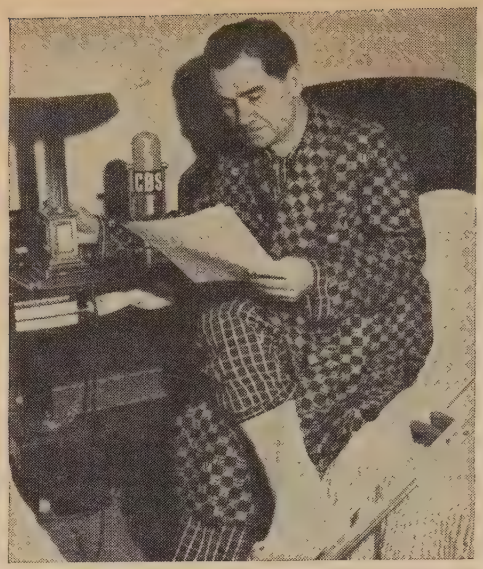
And now that their Master hung a lifeless corpse upon the cross they could only huddle together in fear, not knowing what to do without Him. Even His words and instructions to them are momentarily obscured in their memories by reason of their desolate grief. Now that He is gone, the great emptiness in their souls speaks to them and reveals how much He had become the heart and center of their lives.

Once the heavy, impenetrable cloud of Good Friday had been dissipated by the joyous sunlight of Easter, the Apostles began to understand more clearly the depth of His love for them and the real nature of His work and theirs. They began to comprehend that His mission was not one of conquest and imposed domination; rather it was a work of reconciliation, of drawing men of all nations to God through love and sacrifice—sacrifice even to the death of the Cross. They began to see that His purpose was to win a love that was free rather than to subjugate through fear and force. Now that they had lived through Good Friday, they were ready to go forth and proclaim to the world the message of the Cross and to demonstrate their love and devotion for their divine Master by the sacrifices they would make in His service.

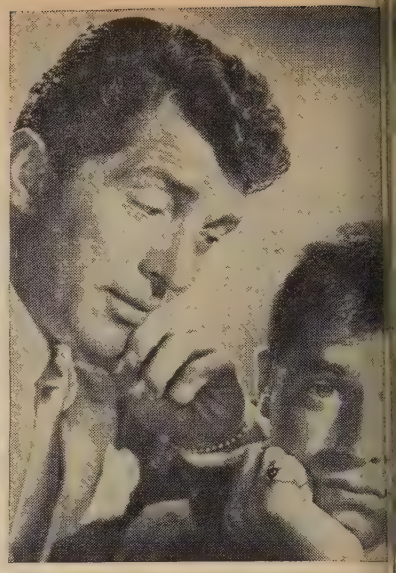
The Cross is also of decisive importance in the development of the Christian's friendship with His Divine Master. Without it we might very well be devoted to our Divine Master, but still our hearts would go out to One whom we should understand quite imperfectly. Even with the true picture of Him that our Faith gives us, we would see in it only as much as our own faults and shortcomings, our own comfort and convenience, would permit us to see. But when suffering and sacrifice and the difficulties involved in living the Christian life bring us to Calvary, then are we able to understand Jesus Christ and His plan for human salvation more fully and perfectly; then can we better appreciate the greatness of His love. Our own sufferings will give us a better idea of what He has endured for love of us and will move us to speak our love and devotion to Him by means of these very sacrifices. Through the Cross He will draw from our hearts a more perfect love and lead us to the fullness of His eternal friendship.

MALACHY McGILL, C.P., S.T.L., radio speaker and professor at Holy Cross, Preparatory Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y., studied at Laval University in Quebec.

GARRY AND FRIEND—"Morgan," blase basset hound, recently visited "The Garry Moore Show" on CBS-TV. Garry sat for this pictorial record of the visit of Morgan and his family.



BEDSIDE BROADCAST—A broken ankle didn't interrupt Lowell Thomas' CBS news programs. Rumors are he returns soon to NBC.



THINK, BOYS!—Martin and Lewis are seriously considering a switch from their TV variety format next season.

Radio and Television

CATHOLIC communities throughout the United States might do very well, it seems to me, to follow the lead of the Archdiocese of New York, which has established a radio and television office for the production of religious programs, script reading, technical advice on wardrobes, props, etc., as well as general consultation.

This isn't necessarily a promotional office, except in the sense that requests for time are made of the networks and stations, but it's considered more in the light of a service to broadcasting and the public, a central point to which executives, producers, directors, writers, etc., can come for free and authoritative information about the Catholic Church.

The office is headed by Father Edwin B. Broderick, the first radio-TV director for the Archdiocese, and in the short time of its existence it has been responsible, either directly or indirectly, for production and service of a great number of programs on both media, including Bishop Fulton Sheen's sensationally successful series.

Stations and networks in New York are very happy with the arrangement for many reasons, among them, that it saves untold man-hours in research.

Our Lady and Broadcasting

In this general connection, Father Max Jordan, NBC's foreign correspondent for years before becoming a priest, writes "it's not generally known that it was while visiting the celebrated sanctuary of Oropa, not far from Milan, in 1894, that the great Marconi, just twenty, had the first intuition of the possibility of communicating between distant points (radio) without means of conducting wires.

"Now, at the Porta Regia of the sanctuary, a tablet has been inaugurated bearing this inscription:

" 'From the cloisters of the mountain of Oropa, Guglielmo Marconi drew the inspiration of his great discovery—May wireless telegraphy under the auspices of Mary pacify men in Christ.'

"Today, we know that Marconi's discovery and his dedication of it to the Blessed Virgin has indeed greatly contributed toward a better understanding and good will among men. The history of 'The Pulpit Of The Air' on radio and television has not yet been written, but when it is it will add a striking chapter to the story of religion."

I can only add that religion can't very well afford to ignore television at the local level as it so largely ignored radio, especially due to TV's greater impact, but the indications are it will not.

New Shows

Loretta Young, one of Hollywood's best-loved stars, has finally decided to take the plunge as a TV regular, on film.

To date, she has only guested, for the most part on Father Patrick Peyton's *Family Theatre* series, but will launch her own series August 30, a series titled *A Letter To Loretta.* Miss Young will be both narrator and star of the original stories dramatized on each telecast. Tom Lewis, her husband, is the producer and NBC-TV the lucky network.

Another interesting series, slated to premiere June 25 in New York and to reach other outlets around the country as soon as possible thereafter, is *Tales Of The City,* on CBS-TV, alternating with *Four-Star Playhouse.*

The series will be written by Ben Hecht, who thus becomes the first major American playwright to bring his literary talents and material to television on a regular basis.

The "City" in the title will be New York, of course.

Early TV Sets

Several readers have asked the date of the first television receiver.

Well, some authorities believe a TV receiver embodying present principles was first built about 1873 by a Scotsman named Andrew May, after he accidentally discovered that sunlight falling on selenium can be converted to electricity.

Others insist a Bostonian named G. R. Carey built what was probably the first television set in 1875, but all seem to admit there are evidences that crude TV

MISTRESS OF MELODY—Jo Stafford, probably the world's best-known girl singer, is heard on numerous CBS and short-wave programs.

THEY'LL BE BACK—Next season, the "All-Star Revue" will replace Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on every fourth Saturday.

FAVORITE EMCEE — Broken dishes at Bud Collyer's feet on the "Beat the Clock" show are rejected manufacturers' seconds.

by JOHN LESTER

eceivers may have existed as early as 780.

The word "television," as far as I've een able to trace it, from the Greek tele" and the Latin "video," meaning o "see at a distance," was first used in rance about 1900. Before that, this ewest of modern miracles was called telescopy," "the electrical telescope," nd "telectroscopy," among other hings.

Mark Twain wrote about it at length sing those names.

What's In a Name? Well . . .

Several months ago I ran a few pararaphs of interesting "call letters" by vhich broadcasting stations are known, nd have since received many others rom readers.

Among these were two more of reigious significance, WHIM, in Provitence, R. I., one of the first centers of eligion in this country; HCJB, in Quito, Ecuador, the initials of which tand for "Hail, Christ, Jesus, Blessngs," and station HOLY, in Panama City. The last two are operated by reigious groups.

Others are WBEN, for the *Buffalo Evening News;* Kansas City's KFKB, meaning "Kansas First, Kansas Best;" WPTF, in Raleigh, North Carolina, which was originally taken from the slogan of an insurance company, "We Protect The Family," and WFPG, in Atlantic City, which "call letters" stand for "World Famous Playground."

One of my favorites is station WASH, in Grand Rapids, which was built and named by a promotion-minded laundryman.

The reader knows, of course, that the first letter "K" is a must for all stations west of the Mississippi and "W" for all east of the Mississippi, according to law. This is for purposes of sectional identification. The balance of the letters are entirely up to the station itself and many have no significance whatsoever.

In Brief

TV production of *Buck Rogers, 25th Century A.D.* is now underway. . . . It looks like the much-publicized video deal between Ginger Rogers and CBS is off for good. . . . Manufacturers expect to turn out nearly 10,000,000 TV sets this year, for the biggest year yet, which will mean over 30,000,000 sets in operation by New Year's. . . . Texas has joined the states that would make it unlawful to install television sets in automobiles or to operate them while driving. Violators will be subject to fines up to $200. . . . Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz plan to discontinue all publicity stories and pictures with their children, insisting it's too hard on the youngsters. . . . Bing Crosby's *Call Me Lucky,* his life-story, recently serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post,* will be out in book form this month (Simon and Schuster) with triple the material contained in the serialization. . . . Anchorage, Alaska, will get a TV station Dec. 1, the first TV for that territory. . . . Another "beaut" of a radio-video scandal is ready to pop. This one concerns the many pinks and outright Reds working for little or no money on religious programs on radio and TV. Their angle is to attain a measure of respectability and decency by associating with people and programs they really despise!

Rocky Graziano and Arthur Treacher are making a situation comedy telefilm, or, in Rocky's own words, "lotsa actin' and kibitzin' ". . . . Dick Wakefield, the potential baseball great who never quite made it, is auditioning for a disc jockey job in Detroit as this goes to press. . . . Dorothy Collins, the "Lucky" girl, has fifteen movie offers pending but can't afford to accept any because of TV commitments. . . . Robert Young's radio series, *Father Knows Best,* will be seen as a telefilmer in early fall. . . . The *Joe Palooka* TV series will get rolling on film soon for fall showing. "Palooka's" creator, Ham Fisher, just gave exclusive TV rights to Joe Kirkwood, of the movies, who will star as the perennial champ. . . . Bishop Sheen reported ailing with ulcers, one of broadcasting's occupational hazards.

by **DON DUNPHY**

IT wasn't Rocky's fault. In the hue and cry that followed the sudden and unexpected ending of the Rocky Marciano–Jersey Joe Walcott heavy weight championship fight at Chicago on May 16, that fact seems to have been completely overlooked.

Certainly the quick ending of the bout in 2:25 of the first round was a shocker that was hard to take, particularly by those who had gotten up the $50 ringside tab. But no iota of blame could be laid at the door of the Brockton Blockbuster, for the heavyweight champion was in there, as always, to get it over as quickly as he could. He certainly couldn't have gotten it over much quicker or much easier.

But the hue and cry that followed the disappointing ending will unquestionably last for a long, long time. Did Jersey Joe Walcott get a short count as he claimed that night in the ring and later in his dressing room? Should the referee have allowed him to continue? Was he confused sitting there on the canvas while his fistic life was being tolled away? Could he have gotten up before the count ended? Was he too dazed to know what the count was? Was he hurt more than even he himself thought by a punch that few at the fight or watching on television saw, but that came out plainly in the 3D movies taken from other angles?

If you can answer all these questions, you're a better man than I am, and I was right there at ringside broadcasting the bout.

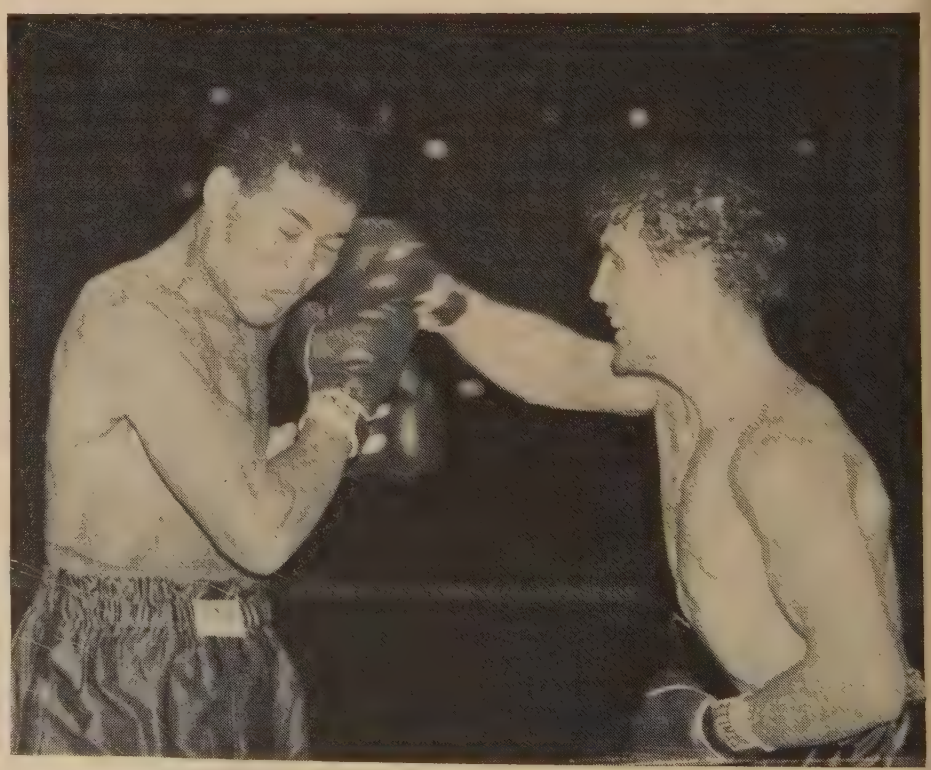
As for some of the questions, it is generally agreed now that the count was correct and that the referee was right in terminating the bout. Also, those who saw the movies of the fight say that Walcott got hit a pretty good clip by Rocky's right hand.

When I interviewed the champion in the ring just after the stunning kayo, he told the ABC radio audience that he had hit Walcott a right uppercut that seemed to hang on the challenger's jaw. Rocky, incidentally, has become quite a radio and TV performer. Microphones and cameras don't faze him a bit. He did a sensational bit with Bob Hope on a recent Sunday night show, and the feeling is that when Rocky wants to chuck the squared circle, there is an acting career waiting for him.

But we started out to say that it wasn't Rocky's fault, this hubbub over a disappointing heavyweight championship scrap. Rocky was in there to throw punches and the fact that Walcott could no longer take that kind of a punch was unfortunate from Walcott's and the fans' standpoint. Unfortunately, the bout was such a disappointment that almost everyone connected with it came in for some brickbats in the roar that followed.

Rematch Duds

How often in boxing have we seen a return bout fall far, far short of its predecessor. The Marciano-Walcott fight, of course, was like that. Last September, these two fistic gladiators fought one of the great heavyweight bouts of all time, with Rocky coming from behind in the thirteenth round to snatch victory from defeat with one crushing righthand punch that crumpled Walcott in front of him and left him as if dead. It was a thriller and even in defeat, Jersey Joe was a greater and more gal-



The fight game has laid plenty of promotion eggs. The first Louis-Conn fight was a wow, with Conn making Joe look like a rookie (above). The rematch was as much of a dud as the Marciano-Walcott affair in Chicago

at battler than ever he had been in tory. But what a flop the return go s.

In 1941, Billy Conn, outweighed and tgunned, nevertheless was one of the g's great workmen as he almost took e heavyweight crown from Joe Louis. was a sensational battle, with the own Bomber turning the tide his way th one staggering punch that saved crown. The boys went into the serv- then and we waited anxiously for e years for the return which all ought might be even better.

It was a letdown. Conn had lost the ch and it was a dull thing until Louis ded it in the eighth round.

Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano ght two Homeric battles for the mid- eweight championship. The second, ght in Chicago in blistering heat, s an exception in that it was as good the first one. But they tried it once often and the third one was terrible. cky was almost through and Zale, ough nearing the end of the fistic il himself, had more than enough t to blast out Rocky in two rounds nothing much.

The only kayo ever sustained by the at and game Jimmy McLarnin was nded him by Ray Miller, who is to- y one of our better referees. The ut was fought in Chicago, and it was rific while it lasted. Rematched in e Garden in New York, they packed e place with an expectant crowd. It was a letdown. The boys were too ry of each other and McLarnin won dull thing on points. That seems to the rule of the ring. Maybe when ey have a great bout they should let go at that. Memories are wonderful ings.

Champ Lulu

We saw a future champion at Madi- n Square Garden recently. He is Lulu rez, who at the very callow age of enty, can be compared to such past ng greats as Tony Canzoneri and hnny Dundee and to such present minaries as Willie Pep, the erstwhile ill-o'-the-Wisp from Hartford.

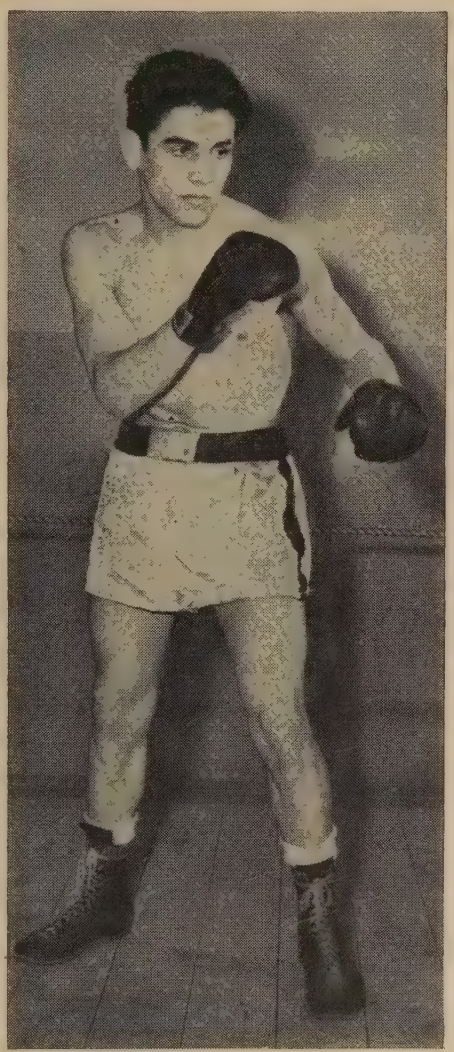
Yours truly doesn't often go over- ard for young fighters who have yet prove themselves on the big time, but Lulu doesn't some day win the light- eight and possibly the welterweight owns, we shall be very much surprised.

The youngster has had but one main ent at the Garden and in that, he dn't show to good advantage because the style of his opponent, but he has own enough for me to remark that he one of the few boys around today ho really knows how to fight. In that, is a throwback to the old days.

Discovered and trained by Lou "Peanuts" Barbetta, a former bantamweight fighter of the early 1940's, Perez has been carefully schooled and has been brought along slowly enough so that he has been able to learn something from almost every fight. So well has he been rated that he has won thirty of his thirty-one fights and has made slow but steady progress toward the top.

Unlike so many good prospects of today, he has not been rushed. Too often are youngsters overmatched the minute they start looking good. Not so with Perez. Barbetta, a careful student of the game, has avoided the pitfalls that are apt to appear before a good young fighter, and he has consistently refused to overmatch the kid. The result is that Perez is just about ready for the top of the featherweight class, and when he outgrows that, which he will do very shortly, the lightweight class as well.

Lulu was born in Brooklyn on April 25, 1933, and stands about five feet, five inches tall. He is the son of Louis Perez, chef at the Commodore Hotel in New York City. He studied three years at Manual Training High School in New York and then decided to make his way in the world. It was a good break for him when he got a job as a riveter at Grumman Aircraft Corporation, for it was there that he met Barbetta, who does public relations work for the firm.



LULU PEREZ

Boxing on the side, Perez had a year and a half in amateur competition and in 1951 won the All East Golden Gloves crown in the 118-pound class. Since turning pro, he has been slightly less than terrific and has been able to purchase a home for his parents with his ring earnings.

WE said earlier that he didn't show to good advantage in his lone main bout at the Garden, but don't hold that against him. It's an old axiom of the ring that styles make fights. And conversely styles unmake fights. Lulu's victory in the Garden was over the cagey St. Paul veteran, Glenn Flanagan, of the fighting Flanagan brothers, and there is no tougher man in the ring to fight. Even if you beat him convincingly, you still don't look good, as Lulu found out. Flanagan has a hit and clutch style, takes a punch well, and is practically impossible to do anything with in the clinches. Even at that, there were times in the bout when Perez showed flashes of future ring greatness.

The youngster can best be compared with Willie Pep, when the former featherweight king was on his way up the fistic ladder. He is graceful on his feet, fast as lightning, and a good crisp hitter. At the present time, he moves too fast to get much power in his blows but when he learns to set himself, he'll compile a mighty knockout record.

His moves in the ring are almost poetry in motion. His hands, though carried low, are quick and ready to lead, block, or counter, as the situation demands. His jab is of the rapier type and, when pumped to the chin again and again, has a wearing and discouraging effect on an opponent. He counters beautifully and has developed a sneak right hand thrown from off balance that shows signs of being a powerful weapon. To use another old ring expression, Lulu is difficult to find in the ring. He moves so quickly that it is hard for an opponent to land a solid blow. On the other hand, this speed causes some of his own punches to lose some of their effectiveness. The few times we have seen him hit solidly, he has taken the punches well.

Barring accidents, we think it is a safe prediction to mark down Lulu Perez as a champ of the future. With Barbetta training and guiding him and Lippy Breitbart handling the manager's end, he is moving toward the top.

At once the smile vanished from the girl's face and she averted her head

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

★ **There were others more pathetic than the crippled, lonely skeptic. Yet his was a very special miracle, a miracle of faith and of love**

THE dining room of the Hôtel des Cardinaux et du Commerce in Lourdes was crowded with American pilgrims. Mansfield hobbled in as unobtrusively as he could. As he had feared, the headwaiter did not immediately catch sight of him. He waited awkwardly by the door, standing still to conceal his limp.

Occasions like this almost made him wish that he had had his leg cut off while he was about it. A wound that made you look as though you had had a diseased limb from birth was worse than an amputation. Not that there was much glory in wounds these days. People fussed over you for a little and then they forgot. And you couldn't really blame them. There were far too many battered soldiers in the world of progress for civilians to go on being sorry for them all.

"A table for one, please," he said when at last the harassed looking headwaiter came hurrying over.

"I'm sorry, Monsieur, but I'm afraid you'll have to share," the headwaiter apologized. "These pilgrims, you see . . ."

These pilgrims Mansfield saw indeed. There didn't seem to be a table at which there wasn't a couple of nuns or a priest in a jam pot collar. But in spite of his distaste for such wholesale sanctity, Mansfield was too hungry to wait.

There were two old ladies and an elderly priest at the table to which the headwaiter conducted him. Mansfield sat down with a scowl. Because it was Friday he loudly ordered a steak. The Hôtel des Cardinaux et du Commerce lived up to its name by serving both God and mammon, and the steak came at once.

To his regret his gesture of defiance passed unnoticed. The priest and the two old ladies didn't interrupt for a single instant their conversation as to whether a rosary blessed for one person's use might be profitably prayed on by another. Mansfield didn't listen for long: he was through with that sort of nonsense long ago. He examined the other pilgrims: a dreary looking lot, he thought, not one of them under forty. Perhaps that was why they had come to

by ***BRUCE MARSHALL***

Lourdes: that the Lord might make them young again. He was sniggering to himself when he saw with a start that the Lord had indeed made one of them young already.

She wore a blue dress and was sitting at a table by herself at the window. She had shining black hair and was preposterously pretty. She could not be more than twenty-two. Cursing the headwaiter for not having placed him with her instead of with these old fogeys, Mansfield observed her closely. He saw that she too seemed to be watching him. He smiled at her discreetly. To his delight he thought he saw a twinkle in her eye. He was about to risk a wink when the priest spoke to him.

"Come for the pilgrimage, I presume?"

"You presume wrongly." Anxious to get back to ogling the girl, Mansfield was deliberately curt. "I was on my way to Bagnères-de-Bigorre when my car broke down. I had to stick it in a garage and pitch my tent here."

"Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise," one of the old ladies said. "Our Lord works in such indirect ways."

"It wasn't the Lord," Mansfield said brutally, determined to put an end to piety. "It was the spark plugs."

"Our Lord can work even through spark plugs," the old lady said gently.

"You mustn't get too theological," the priest put in tactfully. "Perhaps our friend here isn't a Catholic."

"As a matter of fact I am," Mansfield said. "But I'm far from being a scratch player."

"So I observe," the priest said, apparently observing for the first time the meat on Mansfield's plate. He did not look shocked, however, but Mansfield suspected that that was part of his stock-in-trade.

MANSFIELD stole another glance at the girl. She was smiling at him openly now. No matter how hard he stared, her eyes never left his. It was going to be as easy as falling off a log. Ought he to scribble a note and send it across by the headwaiter? He turned round with irritation as he heard the priest again:

"Been in the wars, I see."

"Korea." Grateful to the priest for having divined the true nature of his disability, Mansfield spoke a little more pleasantly.

"Why we can't all live peaceably together beats me," the second old lady said.

The remark made Mansfield impatient again. Civilians accused soldiers of having no political sense, but there were occasions when civilians seemed

Mansfield was almost positive that he had felt a twitch in his leg

to have even less. So as not to glare at the old lady he switched his gaze back to the girl. To his dismay she was no longer looking at him. Instead she was staring down with absorption at her plate. Perhaps she had just remembered seeing him limp when he came in. Girls were like that, he knew. Girls were all over you when you marched away behind the band. Sometimes they were all over you even when you marched back again, provided you marched back whole. Girls liked dancing. It took a lot of patriotism to make a girl give up dancing.

"Bullet or shell?" the priest asked.

"Shrapnel." Confound the prying busybody! Why couldn't the fellow leave him alone? He wanted to look at the girl and try to make her smile again, not answer a lot of silly questions about a war in which civilians weren't really interested. "I've a compound fracture of the femur, with consequent shortening of the leg. I'll limp for the rest of my life." He said this bitterly, doing his best to discomfit the man.

But his words didn't have the effect he desired.

"My dear boy, there's no need for despair," the priest said. "Our Lord ought to be able to fix a simple thing like that for you all right."

Mansfield was so astounded that he looked away from the girl.

"If you believe in that sort of nonsense, I don't," he said.

The priest showed no signs of annoyance.

"Even those who don't believe in the nonsense are sometimes healed by it," he said. "Only a few years ago a French Communist girl was cured of consumption."

"And I suppose she's a nun now," Mansfield sneered.

"No, she's still a Communist. You see, sometimes miracles on the soul are harder to work than those on the body."

"It's no good," Mansfield said. "When I see a guy with an arm or a leg off get it back again then I'll believe you."

"You'll never see that," the priest said. "God has always to leave a margin for unbelief if belief is to have merit."

"That's an easy way of getting out of it," Mansfield said. "And I notice that none of you seem particularly ailing."

"Our sick are in the hospital," the priest said. "Some of them have lupuses and some are bed-ridden with arthritis. All of them are so very much more ill than you are that it will surprise me if any of them are cured. But at least they will have tried and their faith will be strengthened."

"Faith strengthened through not being cured!" Mansfield laughed. "What will you fellows think up next?"

"Bodily miracles are not the only healings God operates at Lourdes." The priest no longer looked like an apologetic bank clerk: instead he re-

mbled the General who had in-ected them at Pusan. "And that ysical miracles take place here has en proved time and again beyond ubt. They are not faith cures because ey do not depend on the faith of e patient. Instantaneous cures of aralysis can be ascribed only to the rect intervention of God." And with at parting shot the priest and the d ladies rose and left the table.

Mansfield had not intended to hurt e priest, and he was ashamed. He ied to work off his discomfiture by aking eyes at the girl. He dared his ink, but was not too distressed when e did not wink back: women nerally hesitated to display the out-ard and visible signs of their lack of ward and spiritual grace. At a suit-ble opportunity he would go across to er table and they would have a good ugh together about the holy Willies d their miracles.

THEN he remembered that to ap-proach her he would have to limp her sight. She mightn't have seen im limping when he came in. He re-lled with dismay his experience in the staurant in Nice. There had been a irl there too, a juicy looking dame tting alone. When he had smiled at er she had smiled back. When he had ointed, first at himself, then at her, e had nodded her head in ac-uiescence. But when, after paying his ill, he had risen and limped over, her ce had gone so hard and her stare stony that he had turned away before e reached her table. Of course this irl was different: you could tell from er eyes that she was kind. But even ind girls were funny about men who mped.

Then he observed that, although she ad finished her dinner, she was still aiting. With that smile on her face e could only be waiting for him. He ecided to risk it. As he got up and ushed back his chair her smile roadened. There could be no doubt t all: she was as eager to know him s he was to know her. Even so he was ervous and, in his emotion, limped ith a bigger lurch than usual. At once he smile vanished from the girl's face nd she averted her head. Blushing iolently, Mansfield turned in his tracks nd see-sawed toward the door.

"Funny, but I had a dream about you ast night," the priest said next morn-ng. "Like to know what it was?"

Mansfield nodded unenthusiastically. He was in a bad temper for two easons: firstly, because the headwaiter ad stuck him at the same table again; econdly, because the girl, still alone by he window and looking lovelier than ver in a yellow dress, had not as much as glanced in his direction. It was more than ever clear that her compassion had its limits and that she wanted to have nothing more to do with him.

"I dreamed that our Lord worked a very special miracle for you," the priest said. "Perhaps it would be too much to call it a vision, but it was certainly a very vivid dream."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that I was cured?" Trying to put an end to such a ridiculous conversation, Mansfield did not bother to conceal his irritation.

"Well, perhaps that would be saying a little too much." The priest was precise in his imprecision. "I didn't exactly dream that I saw you walking without a limp, but I did dream that you were accorded a great mercy, and it was during the procession."

"It's often happened to soldiers before, you know," one of the old ladies said.

"There was that British truck driver, wasn't there?" the other old lady said. "And the doctors had quite given up hope."

The three of them must have been

• Silence is not always golden; sometimes it's just plain yellow.

rehearsing this conversation before he came in, Mansfield realized. As they beamed at him through their glasses he was ashamed of his surliness.

"Of course I'm always open to conviction," he said with an attempt at a smile.

"Now, now, not too quickly," the priest said gravely. "All I dreamed was that you would be accorded a great mercy. And great mercies can be spiritual as well as physical."

But the old ladies were sure that the great mercy meant that he would be cured. All he had to do was to attend the procession that afternoon. The Lord, they said, worked wonderful miracles as He passed in His Sacrament of Love.

It was a long time since Mansfield had last listened to this sort of language. Love wasn't often spoken of in the army: you were taught to hate your enemy in order to conquer him. And miracles rarely happened in foxholes: bullets did not follow transcendental trajectories. The world was a cold, loveless place governed by immutable physical laws. Any other conception of reality was wishful thinking.

"You'll give it a trial, won't you?" one of the old ladies pleaded.

He shook his head firmly. He didn't want to offend them, but he had to be faithful to his own faithlessness. It would be cowardly for an infidel like himself to sneak in among the believers hoping for favors he didn't deserve.

"No," he said. "I'm afraid not." He looked down at his plate so that he might not see their hurt. He did not speak again, but kept from glancing at the girl by the window, so as not to appear too worldly in their eyes.

His restraint had its reward. As soon as they had left the breakfast table he looked, and there she was, smiling at him, as she had smiled at him the night before. He grinned back at her delightedly, hugely in love. Perhaps it hadn't been his limp that had offended her last night; perhaps it had been his wink. The morning sunshine made it abundantly clear that she wasn't that sort of girl at all; she was a decently brought up girl, the kind of girl one married. He lowered his gaze so as not to embarrass her. When he looked up again she had gone.

BUT he ran into her again as soon as he left the dining room. She was sitting in an armchair in the hall, with the sun on her yellow dress. She had such a smile of welcome in her eyes that Mansfield forgot all about his limp and swayed toward her. Then, to his consternation, what had happened the night before happened again: as he approached, her expression hardened and she stared coldly past him. There could no longer be any doubt: either she had been smiling to herself or to somebody behind him; in any case she had no time for young men who limped. He turned away, almost weeping with frustration.

"Looking a bit down in the mouth, aren't you?"

It was the priest again, of course, about to do more sales talk. Too miserable to be angry, Mansfield smiled weakly. Then as he looked back over his shoulder at the girl in her cool frock his hesitation became resolution. After all, dreams sometimes came true. And if dreams, why not miracles? Perhaps the mercy that the priest had dreamed he would be accorded was that he would be cured of his limp and marry the girl in the yellow dress. There were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in mortal philosophy: it was in fact on a Friday the thirteenth that he had been hit in the thigh.

"Look here, Father, I've been think-

BRUCE MARSHALL, convert to Catholicism, was educated at Edinburgh Academy and St. Andrew's. He is the author of many novels, including *Father Malachy's Miracle*, *The White Rabbit*, and *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*.

ing," he said. "What time is that procession you were talking about?"

The American pilgrimage was swallowed up in the much bigger French one. In the square in front of the Basilica lay the sick on their stretchers, lined up in two long rows. Mansfield stood beside the last stretcher next to the steps of the church. On that stretcher lay a small girl with her legs in steel splints. On the next was a woman with a perpetually twitching head too big for her body. On the next again a young man flapped arms shrunken to the shape of a fish's fins. Mansfield couldn't bear to look any further. The casualties of civilian life seemed even more cruel than those of war. If it hadn't been for his longing for the girl in the yellow dress and for his promise to the priest, he would have slunk to the back of the crowd: it seemed impertinent to bother God with his trivial ailment when there were so many terrible afflictions awaiting His attention.

"Jésus, Fils de Marie, ayez pitié de nous!"

Jesus, Son of Mary, have mercy on us! The litany of supplication came from ten thousand throats. It was like banging against the door of heaven again and again and shouting to God that He couldn't have meant it all. Soon Mansfield was praying with the rest, and less for himself than for all the disinherited lying on their stretchers beneath the scorching sun.

"Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, priez pour nous, pauvres pécheurs, maintenant, et a l'heure de notre mort, ainsi soit-il."

WAS this the mercy of which the priest had dreamed, that his heart should be softened and that he should realize that prayer was wiser than boasting? To his surprise, Mansfield felt no resentment at the thought. Instead his new humility made him happy.

But when he heard the hymn from the grotto he became more and more certain that the mercy which was going to be granted would not be entirely spiritual. He did not know how he knew it but he knew it. Over the heads of the pilgrims, over the swollen limbs and the running sores of the sick came the tremendous roar, challenging reason and vanquishing it:

"Tantum ergo sacramentum,
Veneremur cernui . . . ."

He saw again the safe Benedictions of his childhood, with the pillows of incense floating before the evening altar. Nothing had been too much for God then. Nothing could be too much for Him now. God Who had made the laws of growth and decay could arrest them. God was not the Prisoner of His Own Omnipotence. God could renew wasted flesh and straighten twisted legs.

Up beside the river bank they came, the holy men and women carrying lighted candles in honor of Emmanuel, God with us, the coped Bishop bearing the Host in the monstrance, his head bared before God's simple might. Soon the singing ceased. All over the square the only sound heard was the clink of the silver chains on the censers.

The blessing of the sick began. There was no more praying. Everything was now up to God. At each stretcher the Bishop paused and made the Sign of the Cross with the monstrance over the sick person. There were no cries of joy or of sorrow. There were only the clink of the censers and the July sun beating down on the hushed square. There was God's people patient beneath His Will, and that was all.

When twenty of the sick had been blessed without any apparent result, Mansfield began to doubt again. If God did not hear the prayers of the grievously burdened why should He disturb His laws so that an ex-infantry officer called Mansfield might walk without a limp and marry a pretty girl in a yellow dress? Suffering—and his was only a tiny pain—was a mystery, so the preachers said, which did good to the soul. And did not his soul, judged by the most lenient standards, require to have a very great deal of good done to it? And yet the priest had had his dream and he himself, only a few minutes ago, his certainty. God's accountancy was not men's bookkeeping. God was not a grocer, giving that He might receive. If God healed unbelievers He could heal also the frivolous and the negligent. Mansfield ceased to pray for the others and prayed only for himself.

With a hammering in his heart he watched the Bishop draw nearer and nearer. He could see the prickles of sweat on the Bishop's forehead and the lonely piety in his eyes. As the Bishop raised the monstrance above the little girl in splints, Mansfield knelt to show that he too wanted to be blessed. The trees by the river were heavy with silence as the Bishop traced the sign above him. Mansfield thought he felt a tug in his leg but he couldn't be sure. While the Bishop blessed the other sick Mansfield tried again to pray for them too, that they might be cured. But as before there were no shouts of joy. There were only the clink of the censers and the heat of the July sun.

Not that that meant anything, Mansfield argued. People weren't always healed instantaneously, the priest had told him, but sometimes so gradually that the full effects of the cure were not apparent until a long time after they had been blessed. And he was almost positive that he had felt a throb in his leg.

HE waited until the Bishop had given the final benediction from the steps of the church and then, with his heart in his mouth, he rose from his knees and began to walk. It was no good: he limped as badly as ever. Both the priest and his own inner voice had been wrong: there hadn't been even the beginnings of a miracle.

He was too miserable to curse or conjecture. To avoid being jostled by the crowd leaving the square, and above all to escape from the priest and the old ladies who would be waiting to question him, he made his way to the grotto. Here he knelt and wept, pouring out his own pride and asking only for grace in return. It was not the sort of mercy that he wanted, but he knew now that he could not live without it. As he resigned himself to accepting this interpretation of the priest's dream he felt a touch on his arm. He looked up to find the girl in the yellow dress.

"Are you going back to the town?" she asked.

He couldn't believe his eyes or his ears. Either she couldn't have recognized him or she must imagine that he had been kneeling there to give thanks for his cure. Perhaps God was going to work His miracle of mercy by humiliating him into grace.

"It's no use," he said. "I haven't been cured. I'm as lame as ever I was."

"In that case we're both in the same boat," she said. "You see, I haven't been cured either."

"You?" he almost mocked. "What on earth has a pretty girl like you to be cured of? Tummy ache?"

"I'm blind," she said as she laid her arm on his. "The blind can't lead the blind I know, but perhaps the halt can help the blind back to the Hôtel des Cardinaux et du Commerce."

AS MANY AS ARE HERE PRESENT

by BURNHAM EATON

The voice of many people
Is more than a human voice,
Flowing out of a common
Breath, common will in the word
They make together, led to the Amen
In that shy, gathering wave—
One, but variant-hued as an opal
Set in a pool, reflecting toward
The beams of heaven—Luceat eis!—
Up from the choir-stall, up from the nave.

The Name is Susan

by LUCILE HASLEY

A careless word at dinner and my little white lily became a tiger lily in name and act

"What a darling name," she said. "I think a K would look cuter!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK EVERS

THE airline hostess had bright blue eyes, bright honey-colored hair, and a bright and flashing smile. As if this were not enough in itself (a thing of beauty is its own excuse for being) she was also a seasoned public speaker. I could tell she was seasoned because her opening line, and all speakers strive for an arresting opening line, almost made me quit breathing: "We are now flying, at an altitude of 8000 feet, over the Allegheny Mountains.

"Your pilot's name is Herbert Mitchell," she continued. "My name is Christina Fleming. We hope your flight will be a pleasant one. If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, please feel free to ask me. Thank you." And then, with another of those bright and flashing smiles, she turned to the passenger in the front seat. "Chewing gum, sir?"

As the lovely Christina advanced down the aisle with the box of chewing gum in her hand, I couldn't help thinking of another great figure in history: Florence Nightingale, with lamp in hand, comforting and sustaining *her* charges. Were not the chewing gum and the lamp but different symbols of the outstretched hand of mercy? Yes, here was another dedicated soul, I said to myself, who had chosen as her vocation to be a Friend to Man. Not in the Forence Nightingale setting (dim hospital wards) nor yet the Edgar Guest setting (in a house by the side of the road) but where a man *most* needs a friend. Eight thousand feet up in the air.

Small wonder, I said to myself, that my two grade school daughters—at an age when *I* had wanted to drive a Red Cross ambulance in France or donate my services to a leper colony—were forever writing English themes entitled: "Why I Want To Be An Airline Hostess." It is true that their themes seemed to stress the lure of foreign ports and the chance of meeting multi-millionaires and movie celebrities, rather than the humanitarian angle, but that would come with maturity. The point was that I had two potential Christinas to give to my country and, hence, was it not my motherly duty to prepare them for their vocations?

So I asked Christina when she leaned over me with the gum, if she could—when she had a free moment—sit down and talk with me.

She sat down immediately. "I'd adore it," she said warmly.

Somewhat abashed by all the warmth, I hastened to explain about my daughters. Since their present ideal was to become airline hostesses, I told her, I would like to take home some edifying little message. It might spur them on in their academic pursuits, I said, if I were to tell them that a hostess had to have a well-rounded education. Not just the ability to pass out chewing gum.

The lovely Christina then proceeded to give me a practical demonstration by launching into the topic she apparently felt would most interest me. Namely, all the men in her life. This impressive survey made me realize that I had grossly underestimated the lovely Christina. It seemed that she was not only a Friend to Man in the air, but on the land and on the sea and, for all I knew, under the sea.

As we neared the Chicago airport, I thanked Christy for having spent so much time with me. "Oh, that's perfectly all right," she said, with one of those flashing smiles. "Like I was telling you, that's part of our job. I mean, taking a personal interest in the passengers and being able to discuss all sorts of different subjects. You know what I mean?"

The next day, right after dinner, I told my two daughters that I had had a long and interesting discussion with a real live airline hostess. She advised them, I said, to work hard in school and acquire a broad cultural background because one of the main requisites . . ."

"What'd you say her name was?" interrupted Susan.

"Christy," I said.

"Christy," repeated Susan, in a dreamy and far-away voice. "Gee, what a darling name. I suppose she spelt it with a C but I think a K would look even cuter, don't you?"

TWO nights later, at the dinner table, my daughter announced that her official name, starting as of that moment, was now Kristy Hasley. Would it be necessary to go to court or could she just change it herself? Anyhow, she had just passed her fourteenth birthday—was no longer a child—and her mind was definitely made up. Where would Judy Garland be today if she had remained plain Frances Gumm? Or Robert Taylor if he hadn't changed his name from Arlington Spangler Bruges? Moreover, there was no time to lose. She would be graduating from the eighth grade at Holy Cross in another two weeks and she most certainly wasn't going to start her high school career under her present handicap. *Susan!* What had ever possessed us, she said with a shudder, to pick such a stupid and old-fashioned name as Susan?

Inwardly cursing the day I had ever met a fudge-brain named Christy (a Friend to Man indeed!), I tried to point out to my daughter that I hadn't done too badly by her. How would she have liked, for example, to be called Utah? I once knew a family of Smiths, I said, who had named all their eight children after the states in the union. Arizona, Florida, Michigan, Utah . . .

"You're not the least bit funny," she said coldly. "You're just treating me like a child. All I want to know is whether I have to go to court or if I can change my name myself? I'll bet Judge Pyle would listen to me."

That evening, after the dishes were washed, I got out Susan's baby book. Hurriedly passing over the title page with its inscription of "Milestones on the rose-hued path that tiny toes must all too early leave behind," I came to the vital statistics page. There, under the heading of "From Dreams and Stardust and Hopes and Joys, our baby has arrived." I had written in a firm hand: "Susan Charlotte Hasley." Underneath, in an equally firm hand, was the doctor's signature: "Dr. David Bickel." That made the name of Susan, in the eyes of God and Society, pretty official and I sincerely doubted, I told her, if Judge Pyle could consider it a miscarriage of justice.

Moreover, did she fully realize what the name Susan meant? It meant "White Lily," and came from the Greek. Also, lucky girl that she was, her April birthstone was the diamond, signifying innocence. And did she realize that "Tuesday's child is full of grace?"

All in all, I pointed out, her name of Susan — plus all the other details of her birth — signified that she was an innocent white lily, full of grace. What more could any red-blooded American girl ask for? The name of Kristy, on the other hand, sounded like a certain vegetable shortening put out by Proctor and Gamble. Good for pie crusts, but . . .

THE white lily held her ground. "My name is Kristy?" she cried, with all the passion of Barbara Fritchie defending the stars and stripes. "You can't stop me! I have my own life to lead!"

I do not, on the whole, approve of the "Never never thwart your child" school of thought but, on the other hand, there is much to be said for the doctrine of "Live and learn, sister." And, in this particular case, I felt comfortably certain that any single-handed attempt on her part to turn into a "Kristy," after fourteen years of being a Susan, was technically impossible. Certainly, *I* wasn't going to co-operate.

Besides which, she would be leaving for Camp Eberhart as soon as school was out. Two weeks of a disciplined, character-building, and wholesome back-to-nature program would make her forget the whole silly business. I was even more reassured, as camp drew near, when my daughter made no protest whatsoever about the name tapes (bearing the stupid and old-fashioned name of Susan) that I sewed into her shirts and shorts.

So it was with a light heart that I went up to camp, at the end of the two week's session, to fetch Susan home. My only concern, as I trudged down the hill from the Lodge . . . and through Robin Hood's forest . . . and around the archery range . . . en route to Cabin 14, was my failure to have sent her a chop stick. In her one communication home, a hastily scribbled postcard, she had urged

A Nightingale with chewing gum

that I immediately send her a chop stick and I, understandably enough, had not come through. (As it later turned out, she had wanted a "Chap Stick," for her chapped lips, but how was I to know?) I could only wonder, mystified, if Camp Eberhart was going oriental on me—turning out Madam Butterflies.

Oriental or not, Cabin 14—when I finally reached it—was empty except for one lone girl, sitting forlornly on her rolled bedding, and the counselor in charge: a strapping young female known as Miss Jo. Introducing myself to Miss Jo, I inquired as to my daughter's whereabouts. "Oh, Kristy?" she said. Why, Kristy had gone up to the Lodge to have a last coke with Lori and Candy. Kristy had left word for me to join her up there.

I sank down exhausted on a nearby cot while Miss Jo went on to say, pleasantly, that Kristy had done very well with her crawl stroke and had also earned her riflery medal. "That's nice," I said faintly. "And how did . . . uh . . . Kristy get along with the girls in the cabin?"

"Oh, she adjusted very well," said Miss Jo briskly, "except that she spent most of her time with Lori and Candy. We would prefer that the girls not just stick to their old acquaintances."

"But I never heard of a Lori and a Candy," I said. "Where are they from?"

She gave me a funny look. "Lori and Candy and Kristy all graduated from the eighth grade at Holy Cross together," she said somewhat coldly. "It's certainly odd you wouldn't know them."

I FELT like saying there were times I didn't even know my own flesh and blood, but this was no time for philosophical reflections. What I had to face up to was the dawning truth that I . . . by just a few careless words over a dinner table . . . had started the whole miserable business. (A horrible example, in reverse, of what Father Keller means with his Christopher slogan: "*You* Can Change The World?") Had I not mentioned an airline hostess named Christy, three teen-agers in Cabin 14 would still be using the decent baptismal names selected by their parents. It didn't take too much brain work on my part to figure out that Laurine and Patricia, my daughter's best friends, had—under her diabolical influence—now turned into a "Lori" and a "Candy."

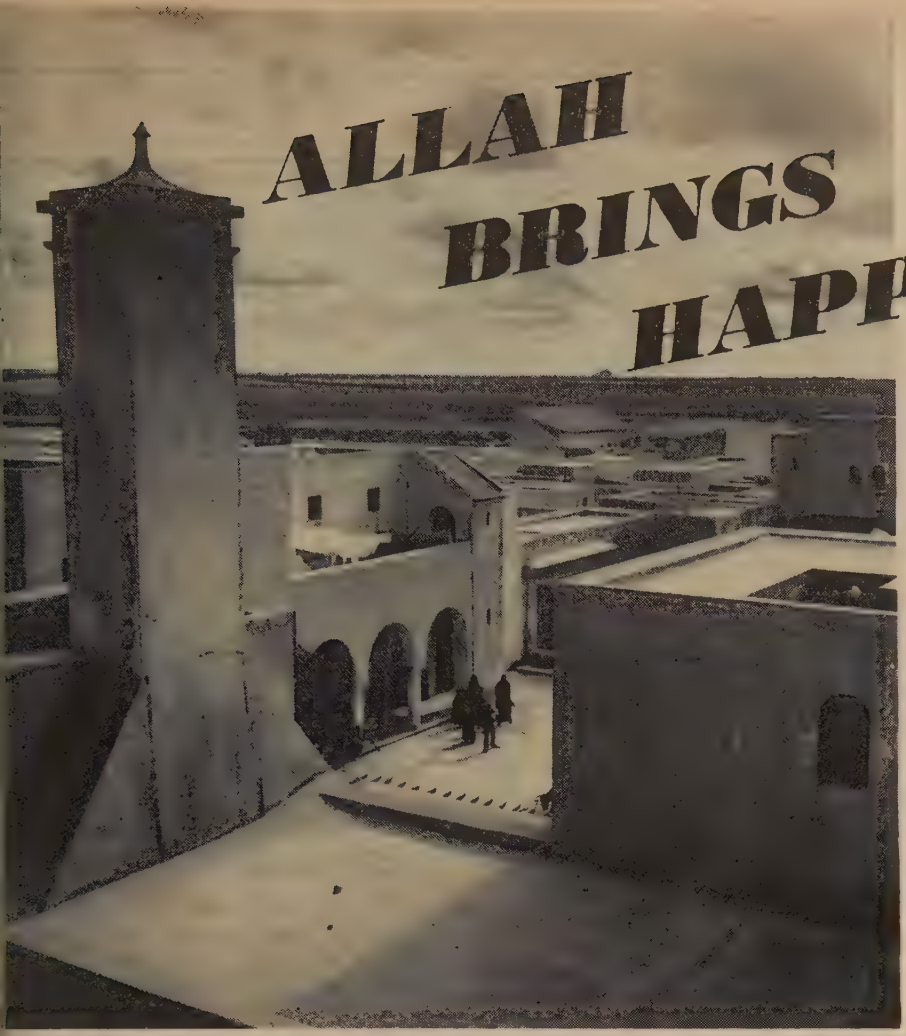
As we finally exited from camp that afternoon—with Susan, alias Kristy, wildly waving farewells from the back seat to sundry campers—we also exited to cries of "So long, Kristy! See you next summer, Kristy!"

Little did I know, in that dark hour, that the next eight months would be even darker. I would learn, during those dark eight months, grimly to acknowledge that I had a daughter named Kristy. But I, personally, never threw in the sponge. If there was a personal call for a character named Kristy, I would say doggedly: "You mean Susan? Just a minute. SUSAN! Telephone."

Yet as St. Teresa said in her famous bookmark: "Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee, all things are passing . . ." For even fourteen-year-old daughters eventually turn fifteen and have a mysterious way, known only to God, His angels and His saints, of beginning to acquire a little horse sense. Not too much, mind you, but just enough to give you the necessary strength to carry on.

At any rate, Susan has now been Susan for a whole year and while, of course, she may someday turn into a "Suzanne," I really think the worst is over.

ALLAH BRINGS HAPPINESS



The new workers' quarters in Khouribga, Morocco, where Mohammed Abderraman and other phosphate workers reside in two-room homes.

● Allah has decreed it, so Mohammed Abderraman, like his fellow workers, is very happy, though he must work long hours for a pittance and support a wife and three children. The Moslem worker believes that Allah has fated his lot and he accepts it without complaint. He doesn't even know the meaning of the word "strike."

Earning about twenty-five dollars a month, Mohammed and his wife, Aziza, have only the barest essentials of civilized life. Mohammed has worked at the phosphate plant for over ten years. He has received the same salary and expects to earn the same if he works fifty years. Allah has decreed it. With his religious attitude toward his work, Mohammed may indeed experience a great deal of happiness, but we are sure his happiness does not begin to equal that of the owners and investors. Through no ingenuity or concessions on their part, they have been able to operate with poorly paid but contented workers. Allah be praised, they say.

Mohammed, like tenants the world over, tries to persuade the supervisor to have the roof repaired.

Aziza, left, clothed in long robes with face covering that all Moslem women must wear in public.

Moslem boys attend the Koran school for religious training. Mohammed's son, Ahmed, sits at the teacher's feet.

Mohammed buys his single luxury—cigarettes. Once a month he goes to the movies alone. Women are not allowed to attend.

Left, Aziza with daughter at the dispensary. The Moslems have only recently learned to trust our medicine.

Below, Mohammed pours tea for his friends. Guests must drink three cups of tea or be considered ill-mannered.

Above, Mohammed's eldest son at calisthenics call at a French school. Fortunately, there is no tuition fee.

Mohammed and sons eat from communal dish. Wife, Aziza, and daughter must wait until the men have finished.

Right, a semi-skilled worker, Mohammed operates the controls of dehydrating oven in the phosphate plant.

Moslem workers ride bikes to the phosphate plants. Mohammed works on the night shift from seven till four.

A girl can change a fellow's whole outlook on life—if she's the right girl for him. But Roger saw Annice Fairweather as someone from another world, an angel far beyond his reach

by ***MARGARET E. BARNARD***

Reach for an

For the first time in his life Roger had not met a girl but *the* girl. She had hair the color of a horse-chestnut, dark brown eyes, and a special kind of finish to her that he couldn't put into words. She was almost brand new at Markland and Company. Her eyes laughed at you but not provocatively, not calculatingly, like some of the other girls at Markland's. He thought of all the other girls he had gone with before this. Some nice, maybe a little dull. Some not so nice and not so dull; but routine—all to a pattern.

There'd been times when he'd take a girl home and she'd lean against him a bit and half close her eyes and half open her mouth, and he'd suddenly wish, for pete's sake, that just once he could meet up with a girl who didn't expect to be kissed or mauled.

Now he figured he had.

For a while he only worshipped from afar, because Annice Fairweather was the boss's secretary, and Roger's trail through the labyrinth of Markland's rarely crossed hers.

He could thank a heavy shower of rain for a change of luck.

All morning there had been a half-hearted drizzle but at lunch hour it was coming down hard. He hunched his collar up and stood at the door of the building wondering whether he wouldn't settle for a sandwich at the snack bar near the elevator. While he was weighing these gastronomical alternatives a vicious jab in the small of the back almost threw him off balance.

He whirled around, all set to crab, "What's the big idea?" then dropped the words overboard.

"I'm so sorry," Annice Fairweather said. "I never seem to learn when I shoot my umbrella up that there might be someone on the receiving end."

In a close-up like this he felt dizzy.

"Last person who did that to me," he improvised rather lamely, "had her umbrella confiscated."

"Okay. Here."

Roger plunged.

"Does the girl go with the umbrella?"

"We're inseparable," Annice said.

"Up to and including lunch?" He nodded toward Stellar's across the street.

She hesitated a half second.

"Dutch!" It was a statement, not a query.

"If you want it that way," Roger said.

They started off. Roger snatched oblique glances at her head bobbing right along at his shoulder. The curve of her cheek and the thick fringe of her eyelashes made his heart perform a startling series of calisthenics. At Stellar's luck ran to a table for two.

Annice said, "Are you always quiet like this?"

He wanted to say, "It's you. I've just met you and I'm still dizzy."

Annice persisted, "And why do you keep looking at me that way? Is there a smudge on my nose, or something?"

He grinned.

"Something."

THEY both laughed; and suddenly his tenseness fled. Afterward he couldn't have said what exactly they talked about. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except being there with her having lunch. Nothing mattered except that she let him walk back to the office with her, that she turned to flip her hand gaily. Then she was gone, and his last hesitant words unspoken. So what? he shrugged. No good crowding your luck, fellow. Maybe she wouldn't want you to see her home after work.

He wondered where she lived.

Roger's deskmate, Joe Connolly, grinned when Roger worked around to the subject. "Boy, if that dame isn't upper level I'm still running around in

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH BILLANTI

ANGEL

rompers. A hothouse tomato," Joe said sagely. "Why not pick something in your own league."

Roger walked slowly home that afternoon, suddenly and terribly deflated, seeing everything through the eyes of a girl like Annice Fairweather. Look, he thought savagely, at these streets. Crowded. Noisy. Even littered. Rows on rows of houses all alike.

"Sure," he told himself, speaking it right out to make it seem convincing. "Sure thing, I'll be bringing her home sometime to meet Mom."

He came to his own house. Like all the others. He pushed the door open and went in.

His father's stockinged feet were stretched out in full view in the living room, the paper strewn all about him, as always. Some ironing of Isabel's was being most publicly "aired."

No. Maybe he wouldn't bring Annice here. Maybe he could take Mom to meet her—say tea down town at a classy place like Briscoe's.

HE went upstairs to his own small room. The junk he had here!

Who was he to criticize? Funny. Funny how you just knew when you met a girl like Annice what things didn't rate.

Isabel called up, "Hey, Roge. Chow's on." He brushed his hair quickly and went down.

"You're awfully quiet," Mom said. "And you're not eating. Aren't you hungry?"

Isabel razzed, "Doesn't it like its food? It must be in love." When he reddened she was quick to see she had scored. "He is—he is—he is," she chanted.

"Isabel!" their mother reproved. "You'd better eat, Roger. You'll be hungry later."

"Eat your grub," his father said, "Let's have no more of this nonsense."

A heck of a family to bring Annice into.

All right. Did he *have* to bring her?

When the staff began to trickle out to lunch next day, he leaned against one of the pillars by the street door, hopeful but not too sure of his luck.

She came out. She walked by. She hadn't seen him. Or had she?

A shaky, pursuing pair of legs bore him alongside.

He heard himself say, "Do you eat on sunny days, too?"

"Oh, hello!" Annice said, her smile welcoming him.

His heart pounded with relief. After that he lived for those noon hours; and yet their very quality kept him uneasy and tongue-tied about asking her for dates for other times.

At home he did a pretty good job of covering up, figuring he could live in two worlds; this one so familiar to him and that other miracle world where Annice walked and talked and smiled at him.

He reckoned, though, without Isabel.

"Know something, Mum," she said one day at the table. "Roge is holding out on us. He's gone on a girl. I saw him with her and were they ever seeing nobody but themselves."

"Well, I'm sure that's very nice," his mother said.

"What's her name?" his father wanted to know.

Roger hesitated. He said reluctantly, "Annice."

His father rubbed the bristles of his chin. "Well, what do you know?" he said. "Sort of la de da, isn't it?"

"Sounds to me like a flavoring extract," Isabel jibed. "Annice. I'll bet she's snooty."

Roger whirled on her.

"You haven't even met her."

"How right you are," Isabel said. "If she weren't snooty you'd have had her around before this. And, gee, Mum, you ought to see the books Roger has up in his room that he gets his nose in now."

"Leave him alone," his mother said sharply. "I only wish you'd pick up with some boy other than Tig Marston, if it comes to that."

"At least," Isabel retorted, "Tig takes me places in the evening. Why don't you take your girl out places, Roge? I'll bet you're scared."

Much Ado

▶ An elderly woman who had never seen the sea was invited by one of her more prosperous relatives to a seaside resort. The two women found a bench on the boardwalk and for almost an hour they sat in silence, watching the white-capped waves breaking along the shore.

Her companion finally broke the silence.

"Well, Aunt Nellie, what do you think of the sea?"

The old lady shrugged.

"Is that all it does?"

Charles MacManus

There was triumph in Isabel's eye She'd scored again. She'd touch Roger on a vulnerable point.

He could talk and kid his way throu a lunch hour, but could he swing som thing bigger? He knew that sometim he'd have to make the break or loo like a dope. But when? How?

It was settled for him.

Over ham on rye, and coffee, Anni said one day, "Look, Roger. Could could you use these?"

He took the bits of pasteboard s dredged out of her bag. Civic Orchestr Auditorium. July 27th at 8:30 P.M.

"Why—"

Annice said quickly, "I got the for free. A friend of mine who pla in the orchestra gave them to me. I thought there might be someone you like to take."

A hint is a hint. Roger knew o when he saw it. His pulse went ha wire for a moment. A slow, difficult gr spread across his face.

"What time do I meet you?" he sai "And where?"

"I'm having a bite to eat with m friend beforehand," she said. "Ho about the lobby, eight-fifteen or so?"

He walked on air for a time. Th was it. She wanted to go places wi him.

Then the dark thought came. H friend who played in the orchestra, th guy she was eating with beforehan How did he rate? He let the idea to ture him; it was with him when th twenty-seventh came and he stoo minutes early, in the lobby, waitin watching for her to come, a throa tightening feeling hitting him when h finally saw her. She looked wonderf in green. No angel ever looked mo delectable, he thought. Reach for a angel, Roger. Reach for her. Or is sh beyond reach?

WHEN they got to their seats sh took off her tight-fitting hat an smiled at him. The orchestra began tune up with small, intriguing wailing He had to know the worst then.

"Which of those guys is your friend

"Guys? It's the girl with the harp

"Oh!"

"Something wrong?"

"No," Roger said. "Everything's ju fine."

The houselights dimmed, the co ductor raised his arm and the mus began.

"Like it?" Annice whispered betwe movements.

"Uh-huh." This could go on as lo as it liked, Annice beside him, a some faint, very faint perfume abo her that made him think of nights early summer.

They came out at last from Beethov

Prokofieff and Britten and Cham-
he into air warm with stars, milling
people. He took her arm tightly.
f I can get a taxi—" he suggested.
Let's walk."
All that way?"
t's not so very far to Lenox."
e stared at her. "Lenox?"
What's so queer about that?"
thought—heck, I thought you lived
on the Heights."
You never asked, did you?"
Lenox," he said again. "That's not
en blocks from where I live."
Why, it was much the same sort of
et as his. A few more trees and
quite so crowded.
nnice's house was a leftover from
time when Lenox Street was prac-
lly country. It had a bay window
a kind of porch where he said
dnight to her. Instead of the kiss
tine, which he'd have settled for
lly tonight, Annice held out a
ll, cool hand.
Thanks, Roger. It's been perfect."

E walked the fifteen blocks home
so that nothing would rub out the
nory of her face as she looked
nd the door at him, softly, smil-
y, and like something transparent
had a candle lit behind it. It was
when he let himself into the house
felt the black silence and smelled
stale odors of cooking and took off
shoes to tiptoe up. He sat on his
for a long time, thinking, remem-
ng Annice and the music and the
ts, and the unforgettable walk home
h her.
olly! Could you beat it?
When, the very next morning, Annice
, "Mother wondered if you'd like to
e and have dinner with us tomor-
night," he didn't think twice about
ng yes. All fear of comparisons with
family, his own way of living, had
porated. He was as cocksure as that,
t up to the moment he walked in
door of 43 Lenox with Annice, and
. Fairweather greeted him.
It was nice of you to come," Mrs.
rweather said.
He went through the motions of meet-
Annice's father and a small, lively
r they called Marnie, but his eyes,
senses, were acutely sizing things up.
There was a smell of cooking, but it
n't seem to have the hangover of
er dinners attached. Mr. Fairweather
ibited neither stockinged feet nor
untidy spread of newspapers around,
he got smilingly out of his chair to
a firm handgrip. Mrs. Fairweather,
hough he knew she must have been
y in the kitchen, seemed cool and
n, not red-faced and harassed; and if
wore an apron she had taken it off
come and greet him.

BE STILL AND KNOW

by Anobel Armour

Out of the sky the dark storm came
And blazing lightning flashed His name
And His might spoke in sudden thunder,
Turning all the small things under
Until the mind knew in this hour
Only the glory and the power.
Later will come the leaf and bird
But now is the everlasting word,
Now is Jehovah of the rod,
"Be still and know that I am God!"

The house seemed to Roger just like the people in it. The living room was no larger than his own, but it seemed bigger. He saw that this was only because it wasn't so everlastingly cluttered, although on the white-painted shelves either side of the fireplace were books enough to stock a library.

"I think we're ready," Mrs. Fairweather said, and they all went in to the dining room.

And still, in a kind of daze, Roger took stock.

Flowers on the table; not many, but nicely arranged and reflected back from a silver pool. Plates all matching. Little touches about the serving. The talk ranged from sports to world events, even Marnie taking part. Nobody squabbled. Not tonight, anyhow, Roger amended; he supposed all families had their moments.

When the meal was over Annice said, "Roger'll help me with the dishes, won't you, Roger?"

"You bet," Roger said.

"Oh, really—" Mrs. Fairweather made a vague protest.

"I'd like to."

"Boy!" Marnie approved. "You can come again," and everyone laughed.

When he and Annice had dried and disposed of the last dish, he said, "You know, this—this has been a lot of fun. I mean—" He wavered.

"Me, too," Annice said, her eyes meeting his.

"I think," Roger felt his way, "you—you're all pretty wonderful."

Annice laughed.

"I'm sure your people are, too," she said. "I'd like to meet them sometime."

Roger swallowed hard and came up with a kind of smile.

"Sure," he promised. "You must, sometime."

That he should still shrink from taking Annice home hurt Roger. He felt a sense of disloyalty to his own people. And yet, he asked himself with a despairing kind of logic, why couldn't his home be like Annice's. Mr. Fairweather, he'd discovered, was a department manager in a store, and not one of the biggest, either. He probably earned less than Roger's father, who brought home big pay. So it wasn't money that did it. What was it? His family could have had books and pictures just as well as the Fairweathers, and some idea of what was going on in the world.

"They've got it in them," he defended them. "It's just we've always gone on in the same way."

Maybe he could do something about it.

BUT when, next evening, he turned on some music that made him remember the concert he'd gone to with Annice, it wasn't two minutes before Isabel came tearing in and switched to another station.

"That stuff," she said.

"Now look," Roger protested.

"Annice," she smirked, and flounced away.

"Well, he'd try it on Pop. He brought down one of the books he'd got at the library.

"Here's a swell thing, Pop," he said.

"What is it?"

"A—a book about some guys who made a raft and crossed the Pacific. You'd like it, Pop." He made a desperate effort. "Pictures, too."

Pop looked at the pictures. "Yeah," he said. "I read all about those guys in the newspapers. A long time back."

He scratched his head and winked at Isabel, "I guess I'll stick to the papers for my reading, thanks just the same."

The flowers Roger got for his mother went a bit better.

"For me?" she said, surprised. "Thank you, dear."

When Isabel saw the decoration she said, "I suppose your ritzy friends eat around a bouquet."

Roger's father said if this went on he wouldn't dare to come to the table at all. First thing he knew they'd want him to doll up in his Sunday clothes to eat.

"Well, I think it was very thoughtful of Roger," his mother defended him. "It's a long time since anyone brought me flowers."

Isabel looked across at Roger; her eyes held a kind of gleeful malice. Annice, her eyes said, but she had the grace to keep it to the look.

That same look was in her eyes when, to Roger's consternation, she showed up at Stellar's one lunch hour.

Roger had just found a table for himself and Annice when a voice said, "Why, hello Roger. Fancy meeting you here! You remember Tig?"

"Hi," Tig Marston said, his eyes resting on Annice with appreciation.

Roger, seething inwardly, made the introductions. Isabel smiled sweetly at Annice.

"We've heard so much about you," she said in what Roger, squirming, knew she fancied was a ladylike voice. "You must come and have dinner with us sometime soon. Mother would be delighted."

Roger went hot and cold all over as he heard Annice's quick and sincere, "Thank you. I'd love to."

He had it out with Isabel when he got her alone later, with their mother and father out at a movie.

"WHAT's the big idea, pulling a trick like that?" he stormed.

Isabel stuck her chin up. "So you are ashamed of your family," she accused him.

"Don't be sillly," he wavered.

"You know very well it's true. Anybody could see it in your face today when Tig and I showed up. Easy to see we didn't rate. With her, either. Very sweet, and all the time looking at us as if we'd crawled out from under a stone."

Roger went white.

"That's a lie, and you know it."

"Did you see the way she stared at me?"

"I don't wonder she did, with all that mess of make-up smeared over your face." Suddenly all his anger petered out; suddenly he knew that Isabel was on the defensive and had been right along. "If you want to know," he said more gently, "she thought you were pretty. She told me so."

"Baloney!" Isabel said, not quite so sure of herself. "Anyway, she's coming to dinner now, whether you like it or not."

It hung over him like a cloud looming up like a zero hour he both dreaded and wished for. He wished that for once Pop would wear his coat at the table. And that Mom would shed her apron before coming out to greet Annice. The only thing he could be sure of was the flowers in the middle of the table. He bought those himself.

On that night, when he piloted Annice to the door, he had a high-octane case of jitters.

Once they got inside, the tight feeling around his windpipe eased off a bit. Pop had his coat on. Mom was in her best dress, and Isabel had gone easy on the make-up. His family were coming through. They were—were good guys, all of them.

When his mother said dinner was ready and would they please come in to the dining room, a new surprise hit Roger. All the china matched; new china, too. He caught the smirk on Isabel's face and knew it was her doing. The food would be tops; you could trust Mom for that.

They all sat down.

And then Pop said, "I tell you what, Miss Annie—" couldn't he even get her name straight, Roger thought—"we're certainly eating in grand style tonight. You'll have to excuse us if our company manners slip before we get to the toothpicks."

Did you have to do that, Roger thought savagely? Did you have to spoil everything?

"Now what have I done?" Pop demanded as his mother and Isabel looked at him warningly. "You'd think I'd sold one of these here atomic secrets to a foreign power."

If only they wouldn't try so hard, Roger told himself in despair. If they'd only be themselves. Even the remark about toothpicks was better than this phony atmosphere. The only bright spot about the whole schemozzle was that he was taking Annice to a show afterward. They'd get clear of all this. Or would they?

• Love pardons everything; self-love nothing. —*Charles de Bernard*

When Annice finally came down from Isabel's room with her hat and coat on, Roger's father said, "Well, Miss Annie, this young cub of mine'll sure have to bring you in to see us again."

"Thank you," Annice said.

Outside, they plodded along to the corner without a word. Because she didn't speak, he daren't. He tortured himself by trying to guess at what she must be thinking.

Around the corner by the bus stop, floodlit billboards walled off a stretch of vacant land where the kids played baseball. He'd played there himself. Funny, when you're a kid you don't guess all the complications that tie you up later. When you're a kid you have small troubles and they look big; but nothing like this. Not girl trouble. Not an ache that nearly cracks you apart.

All at once Annice said, "Well?"

Here it was. He found his voice. "Well what?"

"You haven't spoken to me for at least ten minutes."

"What should I say, after—"

"After what?" It came a bit sharply.

The bus loomed alongside and in a kind of panic Roger waved it on.

"Whatever for?" Annice said.

"Because," he said. His breath failed him and he caught her by the arm. "Because," he began again, "I'd rather have it from you straight, right now, than in little pieces and hints that I'm supposed to have sense enough to sort out for myself."

"What are you talking about?"

"About what you're thinking," he said gruffly, because it hurt when you pulled it out in so many words. "About what you couldn't help seeing tonight, that we—that I'm not your sort. Everything's so—different at your house."

She pulled away from him, sharply, decisively.

Roger said desperately, "What's that for?"

"I don't like snobs," Annice said.

"Who's a snob?"

"Anybody," Annice said, "who thinks that certain ways of doing things are the only possible ones. Anybody who acts as if he were ashamed when he doesn't need to be."

He was abashed and angry and a bit stunned.

"What do you do," he said, "when nobody cares two hoots about reading a good book or listening to good music, or things like that?"

"I GO on reading and listening and thinking for myself," Annice said. "But if someone makes other choices, do they have to rate zero?" She faced up to him and went on talking. "What's so different after all between your house and mine, if you had sense enough to see it? Your father likes a bit of jollying, just the same as mine does. And your mother goes to a lot of trouble to have things nice when special company comes, like mine. Your sister likes to fuss up a bit, too, just the way I do."

"I guess that was coming to me," he said. "I guess I'm the one that rates zero."

"I'm sorry, Roger," she said. Suddenly, impulsively, she slipped a hand under his arm and leaned her head for a moment against his coat sleeve. "I didn't mean to sound like—like a snob myself. But something was coming between us that had to be cleared away. I—I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world."

He stood looking down at her, feeling only this flowering miracle. Reach for an angel, he thought, and look what you got. Somebody who cared enough to tell you off, somebody to whom it mattered whether you were hurt or not, who saw better things in you than you ever saw in yourself. Someone who stood there, quite willing now that you should take advantage of the patch of shade between two street lights to kiss her, just like any other girl a guy had fallen in love with.

Do it for Mom, Patty

ometimes little girls must ake big decisions—about an on lung, for instance

by ***JANE SPRENGER***

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. VESTAL

I was writing the most important letter of my life

MY own darling Patty:

If this letter had a title, it would , "The Most Important Letter of ly Life." So keep that fact in mind and ad this very, very carefully.

Seventeen years ago a young woman d a young man were married. A year ter God blessed them with a baby aughter. A little better than a year ter this the parents knew another by was on the way.

Somehow this girl was very close to r parents, perhaps because they had me so close to losing her. After her rth, the mother was ill for three onths. This only made the baby arer. She always had a special spot in r mother's heart and the parents felt at she would grow up to be a great mfort to them.

Throughout the years God blessed is marriage with many more children. friend of the parents who was a priest nce said, "God must think pretty ghly of you to entrust you with so any children." The only thing about is that disturbed the parents was that e older ones were pushed out of baby-ood to fend for themselves at a very rly age. However, God compensated r this by having the older ones enjoy nd love the babies and assist in their pbringing.

Whether the children realized it or ot, the parents had enough love to pread for all of them and each one ad a special place in their hearts. They rew up in a close family unit. The lder girls were "little mothers" and ave promise of one day being wonder-ul parents to some very lucky babies.

The family never had much money and no doubt never would. But material things are so unimportant weighed against the happiness and love in family life.

Then came 1952 and a dread epidemic struck the whole country. It was not fussy whom it chose to strike, rich or poor, healthy or unhealthy. The epidemic was so fierce that hospitals were overcrowded and forced to care for types of this disease that they knew little about. The family in this story was stricken. Their second born came down with polio.

The heartbroken parents could only watch helplessly while their child, who was now fourteen, went from one stage to another of the disease. Only a thread separated her from this world and the next. But for reasons of His own, God chose that this child should live. Only a few had survived this type of polio. It seemed to be a miracle—through the intercession of St. Jude and the Blessed Virgin. The girl began to get better. God must have had some purpose for her to fulfill in this world.

During this crucial period, the only thing that kept the parents going was prayer and the strength they received in the hospital chapel. Somehow they received the grace to accept what had happened, although they could not understand God's ways. No parents who love their brood as these two people, can understand why such an illness has to come to one of their children. This makes a private hell on earth that parents go through, for they would rather change places with the child. But that is not God's will. One thought that helped is that God only chooses those He loves most dearly to undergo such

QUIET PLEASE!

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

RECENTLY a judge in a Midwestern city ruled against a local dog lover for violation of the city's anti-noise ordinance. Seems the neighbors preferred sleep to the concert of whelps, yelps, and barks rendered by his three fox terriers. The plaintiffs cinched the case by producing a tape-recording of a typical serenade. Now the canines carry on their midnight medley in their owner's cellar —and the neighbors sleep peacefully.

Today noise of all types is a growing menace to the physical and mental life of the nation. Most insane asylum inmates, for instance, come from noisy big cities. Traffic din and industrial sounds impair mental efficiency and affect the body's physical functions. There's no way to estimate the toll noise takes in shortened lives, affected hearing, and jangled nervous systems.

Take the case of John Kemer. He took a job in an office facing a traffic-filled street. Before long he became visibly nervous and began to lose weight. "The din of traffic during working hours," his physician told him, "makes you irritable and sleepless." Acting on his doctor's advice, John secured a new job in a quieter section of town. His symptoms soon disappeared and now he's happier and healthier than ever.

Scientists generally accept the decibel as the unit of measurement for sound intensity. One decibel is almost imperceptible. Ordinary conversation registers about 50 to 60 decibels and city traffic around 75. A clanging boiler factory rates about 120 decibels, about as much noise as the human ear can take without acute discomfort. The average person is comfortable with a steady diet of 70 to 85 decibels.

Studying and combating noise is the prime research project of numerous scientists and engineers. They have proved, for instance, that dogs, cats, and other animals suffer adverse health and even die when subjected to various sounds endured by humans.

Today, numerous businesses are crusading against noise. The Borden Milk Company, for instance, put rubber edges on the bottle racks carried by milkmen, thus minimizing the jangling that so often interrupted the early morning slumbers of company patrons.

Cities and civic groups also are waging vigorous fights. An example is New York, which arrests as many as 26,000 noise offenders annually. Louisville banned the honking of automobile horns at wedding celebrations. In the United States, Reno rates as the noisest city and Memphis the quietest.

The National Noise Abatement Council, the League For Less Noise, and similar organizations, which have headquarters in most large cities, are also waging effective campaigns against the noise menace. The National Noise Abatement Council recently put out a list of the seven most irritating noises in the order of their importance. Most annoying of the seven: traffic noises, such as horns, squealing tires, and the resounding racket of trucks, motorcycles, and hot rods. Least annoying of the seven: barking dogs.

SOMETIME in the future, engineers and planners hope to reduce manmade noises to a minimum by scientific methods. In the meantime, those who are bothered unduly by the steady cacophony of the city must continue to stuff their ears with wads of cotton and dream of the time when "Quiet please" will be an obsolete expression.

suffering, and this family bowed their heads in awe that God was so close in their midst. One day they will know the reason.

Now, Patty dear, I come to the most important part of my story, so I will drop the third person and speak as mother to daughter. Since God in His goodness chose not to take you from us, you have a mission to fulfill. He has given you the grace to get better. You have muscles in your chest which need only a little strengthening for you to breathe without an iron lung or a chest respirator. If you would only believe this and trust the people who are trying to help you, they could do much more for you in therapy to get the rest of your body back where it should be.

I'm afraid, Patty, God is frowning at us with disapproval. At you, because by resisting the efforts of the nurses and doctors to free you from the iron lung, you are not proving worthy of the great gift of life He has given you. At us, because children are only loaned to parents to watch over and guide until they grow up and find their own place in the world. We have not proved worthy because in our selfishness we have spent so much time with you (even though we don't come to the hospital so often now, our thoughts are still with you—we worry so), that we have neglected our other eight children to the point where five have been seriously ill.

Why not think of it this way: When that iron lung comes to mean so much to you now—when you actually need it for only short periods—it is taking on the shape of the devil. He also takes on the form of fear that you listen to instead of God who will help you.

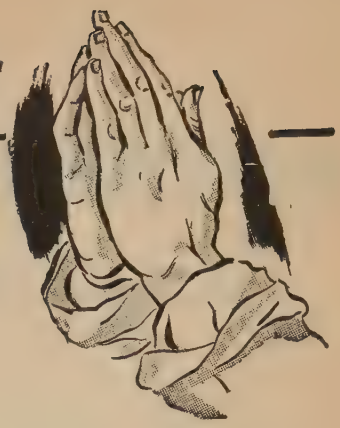
God too will be disappointed, as this is not the way He planned things. So throw away your fears, back to the devil, and pick up the strength and courage God is holding out to you. Then you will see the difference! Progress will be more rapid and the time will soon come when you will be back with us. Once more we will be a family. Just now we aren't, as we are not complete and won't be until our Patty fights her way home to us who miss her so much and love her so dearly.

Please, please, please do this for Daddy, Joan, Barbara, Wally, Cathie, Sharon, Suzie, Kenny, Larry, and especially for Mom who aches to help you but knows you have to do this alone. Keep praying, keep smiling, keep fighting, harder, harder, and harder.

You'll win, I know.

Mother.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Patty won her fight with the iron lung. But suddenly and mysteriously God took her to heaven.



The Crowning With Thorns

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

T. JOHN tells us in the Prologue to his Gospel, "The light shines in kness, a darkness which could not ster it." Evil could not master the rd made flesh; it could and did hu- liate Him; and the bitterest humilia- n is in this mock coronation of the d-King. It was the only coronation s subjects ever gave Him. They hu- liated Him over and over again.

We could begin by thinking of Our rd's many disappointments. (With disappointment is usually a mixture sorrow and surprise: what we had ped or expected does not come about; h Our Lord there is no element of prise, but the essential sorrow is re.) "He came unto His own, and s own received Him not," St. John ls us again; Our Lord Himself speaks how He would have gathered to Him e people of Jerusalem "as the hen thers her chickens under her wing," d they would not let Him.

There is the rich young man whom e loves and who turns away from Him; ere is the traitor in His own chosen nd; in the Agony there is all the ise of frustration and futility, the ought of all the rejections of His love, the scorn and the insults, with which story is full. And so to the final hor- ble irony of the crowning and to the sults hurled at Him as He hangs on e cross. What is His response to it l? There is no anger, no bitterness; st as at the moment of supreme tor- re He can only pray, "Father, forgive em, they know not what they do."

What of our own response to such sappointments and humiliations as me our way? Certainly, even the small- t humiliations can be very hard to ar without rancor and bitterness: the tty snubs and slights, the sarcasms and onies, how easily they can make us hit it wildly, to give back wound for ound! To be ignored when we want to e made much of, to be passed over in vor of other people, to find our ad- nces serenely rejected or our opinions eated with quiet scorn: how easily these things can take all the joy out of life for us and fill us with despair!

And when it is people we love deeply who reject our love or treat us with coldness, with scorn, with contempt, how easily we go to pieces! How ought we to meet all these things?

There is no answer except in the humility of the Word. It is only the humble man who can remain calm, tranquil, at peace, in circumstances such as these. It is only the humble man who can meet them without anger, bitterness, brooding resentment, thoughts of revenge. Humility means first of all accepting the truth about oneself—not thinking oneself better, braver, wiser, cleverer than one is—and at the same time accepting the fact that one has these or those gifts but that they come from God. Of ourselves we are, quite strictly speaking, nothing, since God creates us such as we are precisely out of nothing. All the materials out of which we are to make our lives come to us from God; what we are responsible for is the evil with which we degrade those materials. Hence the falseness of our vanity, the unreality of our self-esteem.

But a sense of nothingness before God is also a sense of dependence on God, of tranquillity in God. This lesson the psalmist teaches us: "Lord, I am not haughty of heart, nor are my eyes arrogant; neither have I moved among great matters, and things too arduous for my strength. But I have composed and stilled my soul, as a weaned child in its mother's arms . . . O Israel, hope in the Lord, from henceforth even forever."

Not haughty of heart—thinking oneself better than other people, perpetually bridling with resentment at real or imagined slights, always touchy, always taking offense. Not arrogant of eye—trying to put people out of countenance, looking superior, looking down on other people. Not walking in great matters—always important, always, in the slang phrase, "throwing one's weight about."

THE humiliations which come to us are often so petty that the best way to train ourselves to meet them is to develop our sense of humor, our ability to laugh at ourselves and to see the incongruity and stupidity of making mountains out of molehills. (And this too is humility.) But to prepare for such major misfortunes which may come to us, we might well think over this mystery, the humility of God.

The king in the parable, affronted by the failure of the invited guests to come to the banquet, sent his soldiers to destroy them and their city; and that, perhaps, is how we feel in similar circumstances. Our Lord, when His own people rejected Him and put Him to death, could have asked His Father for "legions of angels," but He would not. Perhaps, as we say this mystery of the rosary, we should sometimes compare our attitude with His.

"I have composed and stilled my soul." If we are to go on day by day trying to do God's will properly, we need His humility. May His bitter crowning secure it for us.

EVEN IN DARKNESS

by **SISTER CLAUDE OF JESUS, S.N.J.M.**

Strangle the sound
within a lark's breast;
heart will hold the song
in the stricken nest.

Tether the thought
with black skeins of night;
even in darkness
the wings will take flight.

Harrow the having
until the all is spilled,
then will the seeing
be complete and filled.

A LOOK AT THE WORLD . . . BY ANITA COLBY

Hollywood Pan-Dowdy

SO many letters have reached me—and I thank you for all of them—referring in one way or another to Hollywood that I must assume you'd like something on that fascinating subject.

I'll be happy to do my best, but after first calling your attention to the obvious: that there is material enough on Hollywood for a thousand columns.

Where is Hollywood, the Hollywood of popular concept?

The answer is it doesn't even exist!

Like "The Old Ox Road," the mythical kingdom of "Graustark," and, oddly enough, even Broadway, the Hollywood of popular concept is more imaginary than anything else!

Technically, the movie colony got its name from a small, real estate subdivision within the city of Los Angeles, an area that's called Hollywood but is neither a city nor a town, although it recently acquired its own postmark.

The motion picture industry was fairly well concentrated there in the early days but, now only a handful of studios remain, and few, if any, stars live there.

Modern Hollywood extends all over Los Angeles and beyond. In its broadest sense, wherever studios and people are engaged in motion picture work, there is Hollywood.

What about this latter Hollywood's general character, its moral tone?

The answer is, since it's peopled by humans, it's neither all bad nor all good, but it's much more good than bad.

Plenty of fine, upstanding, wholesome, law-abiding family folk live in Hollywood, and for every one of its citizens whose indiscretions and mistakes are splashed across the front pages, there are hundreds who take the days one at a time, quietly, peaceably, respectably.

Hollywood's divorce rate, to dispose quickly of a point on which it is seriously misunderstood, is only half that of Peoria, Ill., and less than 10 per cent as high as Oklahoma City's, according to Census Bureau figures, and many, many other American cities far outdo the movies capital in the percentage of divorces per marriage.

Hollywood, which is to say the motion picture industry, largely lives by publicity, promotion, and exploitation. Its stars are puffed into prominence for box-office purposes, and their virtues as well as their vices are used as material and fuel to keep interest at the highest possible pitch.

A similar proportion will be found in relation to the number of Communists.

While it's quite true that there are Communists in Hollywood and that even one is one too many, they are still few in proportion to the number of solid citizens. And again, the few have merely sounded like more because of the sensational coverage given everything pertaining to Tinsel Town.

Actually, Hollywood has been fighting Communism and Communists from the beginning in many ways, especially with its thoroughly American and completely anti-Communist "poor boy makes good" theme, incorporated in thousands of pictures.

Then, if Hollywood is more good than bad, how good is it? What good is it? What has it accomplished in its fifty-five years of existence? What does it contribute?

First, Hollywood is big business—not second or third in the nation as is generally believed, but far down the list—with a corporate total worth of nearly three billion dollars, a healthy contribution to American economy. It supports about 213,000 full-time employes—from star to janitor—and their families, and that's also very good. It entertains between fifty and sixty-five million people weekly, and bringing relief, escape, laughter, entertainment, and diversion to that many every week is also a very good thing.

There is, on the other hand, the fact that Hollywood turns out bad, indecent, immoral pictures. This is regrettable and no apology, explanation, or argument is possible on this point.

Even so, the incontrovertible fact remains that all—without exception—of Hollywood's all-time biggest and best pictures have had a religious or otherwise wholesome theme!

The Ten Commandments, Going My Way, Quo Vadis, Cheaper By The Dozen, and *Keys Of The Kingdom* are only a few of these, and *King Of Kings,* the story of Christ, considered by most authorities the greatest motion picture ever made, has played to over one billion people all over the world since it was made a generation ago!

If Hollywood had made only this one picture and had not also led in the development of an exciting, thrilling, wonderful, new art form, it would still be well worth while!

Hollywood premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

...pe

...n my spiritual life, how important is the virtue of hope? ...e don't hear much about it.—A. M., BOSTON, MASS.

...istian hope is the disposition or attitude of soul, whereby ...are enabled to expect confidently both the reward of ...ven hereafter and the necessary means here and now. ...s virtue is bestowed upon us directly and supernat...ly by God Himself, on the occasion of Baptism, and ... flourish or wither in ratio to cultivation.

...h importance, hope is second only to faith. By faith, we ...e to know God. By hope, we rely upon His promises. ...e virtuous attitude of hope is so important in the spir...l life of every man, woman, and child that it is a pre...minant topic of Old Testament and New. From the days ...Paradise onward, the prospect of reward has been God's ...hod of encouraging us. Hence, our hopeful reliance ...His promises is the mainspring of our courage.

...Ve have as much reason to hope in God as we have to ...eve Him. Our faith in God is unique, because the ...on for it is so foolproof. We believe God unhesitatingly ... without reservation, because of the ingredients of His ...ability—His infallible knowledge and truthfulness. So ... our hope in God is unique, for it is based upon His al...hty ability, coupled with His utter sincerity and fidelity. ...Baptism, He "hath regenerated us unto a lively hope." ...Peter 1:3) If an attitude of hope is no longer a "lively" ...or in a person's spiritual life, it is an indication that the ...tling light of his faith has dimmed and that the fire of ...rity is bound to cool. To foster a spirit of Christ-like ...pe, there is nothing more stimulating than to read the ...w Testament thoughtfully, often, and regularly—brimful ...it is of divine encouragement.

...e Guidance

...m bewildered and worried over prudent sex instruction ...or my children. Please recommend something helpful.—...K., WILMINGTON, DEL.

...s a point in your favor that you realize there is a prob...n. For a well-balanced survey of the problem, write to ...e National Conference of Catholic Charities, 1346 Con...cticut Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. for a copy of *Sex ...ucation in the Home,* a pamphlet by the Rev. John M. ...oper. For an ideal book of instruction for the young, ...te to THE SIGN, for a copy of *Modern Youth and Chastity,* ... the Rev. Gerald Kelly, S.J. (65¢ plus 3¢ postage,)

...arriage on the "Q.T."

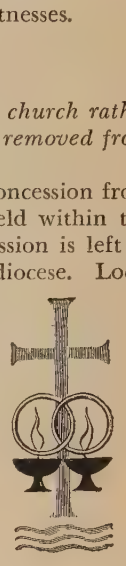
...Can a Catholic girl and non-Catholic boy be married in the ...rectory without any previous announcement?—B. P., CRYS...TAL SPRINGS, MISS.

... for previous publicity, a mixed marriage is never an...unced in church. The usual banns are dispensed with. If the parties to a mixed marriage so wish, the ceremony can be conducted in the rectory instead of in the church. But since the privilege of a church wedding is now to be had for the asking, why not make your marriage ceremony the more memorable by having it in the most sacred place possible? The only ones barred from this privilege are those who have previously attempted marriage before a civil official or a non-Catholic minister. If there be any other reason for secrecy, the wedding can be held in church at a time when none are present except the essential witnesses.

Marriage "Before God"

When a mixed marriage is permitted in the church rather than in the rectory, is the Blessed Sacrament removed from the tabernacle?—L. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

No. All dioceses in this country now enjoy a concession from the Holy See that mixed marriages may be held within the church. However, the actual use of this concession is left to the discretion of each bishop in his own diocese. Local circumstances vary in different sectors of the country, and accordingly this procedure may be deemed advisable or inadvisable. But, wherever the concession is permitted, the Real Presence continues to dignify and render sacred the precincts of the church. A non-Catholic who respects the faith of the Catholic marriage partner has at least a glimmer of appreciation for this privileged concession.



Virginal White

If a woman has to confess the loss of virginity, will she be permitted to have her marriage in church, and in the traditional white gown?—C. D., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Certainly. In the first place, any information received under sacramental secrecy can be divulged in no way whatever. Aside from that angle, the party concerned is under no obligation to defame herself—what happened is regrettable, but nonetheless a secret reserved to God, confessor, and penitent. The nuptial white can be a symbol of marital fidelity.

Reason and Faith

Can a man reason his way to the Catholic Church? Or is his attainment of the Catholic Faith a gift from God?—J. G., WEST LYNN, MASS.

Judging by the "complexion" of your letter, you have given quite a bit of thought to this complicated question. The answer is that the process of conversion, whereby any non-Catholic becomes a convinced and believing Catholic, is the work of reason and of faith, of human industry and of divine grace, an accomplishment of God and man.

First of all, the assent of the human mind, which we call an act of faith, is not a blind act of belief. We believe because of a motive or argument which is most appealing to the mind—the authority or reliability of God Himself, the Revealer of all we are to believe. But, to become convinced that such an argument does clamor for our assent, a convert-to-be has to do a good deal of "spade-work"—he has to consider many preliminary points which add up to proving the fact of divine revelation.

Needless to say, this preliminary investigation has to be done in a way adapted to the age, maturity, and education of each individual inquirer. Typical examples of the preliminary steps are the following items, on all of which the human mind must be thoroughly satisfied: the existence of God; our obligation to be religious-minded and religious-hearted toward God; our urgent need for the divine guidance called Revelation; the tests or proofs that a supposed revelation is genuinely divine. Then, in the light of those earmarks, Christianity has to be appraised, and in particular Roman Catholic Christianity. Only in this way can we be "ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you." (I Peter 3:15)

The many preliminary arguments in support of Catholicity, samples of which we listed above, establish beyond doubt the fact that Christ is divinely reliable and that His Church, as He intended it to be, is the Catholic Church. However, for a man to share God's heaven and to enjoy here and now the means to heaven, is a gift of God from start to finish. For that reason—no matter how convinced a man may be that Christ and His Church are believable—he cannot actually believe without the gift of God called grace. That grace is a *divine* help which enlightens the human mind and gives to the human will the disposition we call "goodwill." Call it a mystery, if you will, but it is clear from the Scriptures that to attain to the faith, we need more than human industry—we need a divine blessing. "No man can come to Me, except the Father draw him." (John 6:44) "By grace, you are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God." (Eph. 2:8)

Many a great scholar has discovered for himself the truth of what has just been said. Cardinal Newman is a typical example: he admitted his realization that he *should* believe, but found that until God's good time, he could not. *(Discourses to Mixed Congregations)* Hence, a convert-to-be should investigate the Church as earnestly as though the outcome depended solely upon his own industry and at the same time pray as earnestly as though everything depended solely upon the mercy of God.

Book of Common Prayer

Perhaps I'm going overboard on something not too important, but why doesn't the Church have a book of common prayer—official for everybody?—J. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

One prayerbook and one only might appeal to many—allowing, of course, for translations. To many others, such a limitation, especially if imposed by Church law, would savor too much of regimentation. Because of the identity of faith, morals, and worship of which the Catholic Church and she alone can boast, the variation in our prayerbooks is of little moment. The text of the Mass is always the same, as well as the sense of our formulas of faith, hope, charity, contrition, and so on. Indulgenced prayers have to be printed verbatim. Aside from necessary restrictions, a moderate degree of variation is an excellent solvent of monotony. Despite such minor variations—each with its appeal to the individual—the prayerful thoughts of the Church are universal in a worldwide sense, as reliable and unchanging as the God who revealed His thoughts about us and taught us how to pray to Him becomingly.

"Amen"

Why do we end up our prayers with the word, "Amen"?—B. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Originally, "amen" was a Hebrew term, signifying an emphatic approval, or emphasizing the truth of a statement. For example, Our Lord often used the term as a prelude to a solemn announcement. "Amen, amen, I say unto you . . ." signifying, "in all truth," "assuredly." Hebrews were accustomed to add the word to their synagogue prayers, with the force of "So be it!" This meaning of the pithy term is exemplified especially, when it is used as a conclusion to a solemn profession of the Catholic Faith, such as the Creed. In Catholic circles, at least, the "A" in "Amen" should be pronounced as in "may" rather than like the "A" in "art."

Wrong Cue

A Mormon friend and his pastor want me to join their church. I'm against prejudice in any shape or form. They claim the Church has done little in this country to help the Negro and supports race prejudice in the South.—F. M., FORT WAYNE, IND.

What a pity to take your cue from Mormon instead of Catholic sources! The very complicated problem of the betterment of the American Negro, including the breakdown of racial prejudice, is of the utmost concern to the Catholic Church. In this uphill struggle, the Church is in acute need of financial backing and of man power. Why not volunteer your services? There would be no better way of realizing Catholic interest in both the Catholic and the non-Catholic Negro.

To the extent that Catholic resources permit, the Church provides for the Negro every opportunity for body as well as soul—churches, schools, hospitals, libraries, social centers, and the like. If you still have your copy of THE SIGN for May, read "Carolina Jubilee," a typical story of what is being done for the Negro—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—by the missionary and diocesan priests and by nuns, so many of whom devote their lives solely to this apostolate. The official attitude of the Catholic Church toward the emancipated but still down-trodden Negro is well keynoted by the present Vicar of Christ: "We confess that we feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need especial care and comfort and are very deserving of it. We therefore invoke an abundance of heavenly blessings and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare."

Speaking of prejudice—one of the worst obstacles we have to hurdle is the prejudice toward the Church of the Negroes themselves. That is true especially in the South, where Negroes have absorbed from their white neighbors a spirit of suspicion and bigotry toward all things Catholic. That Negroes should be infected by an anti-Catholic spirit is not surprising, for even Catholics who are not spiritually healthy are an easy prey to anti-Catholic propaganda, in the form of half-truths, insinuation, and so on.

In prominent centers throughout the country, you will find Catholic Interracial Councils established. At the headquarters, 20 Vesey St., New York, N. Y., are the editorial offices of *The Interracial Review*. The New York council is known as the De Porres Interracial Center—named after Blessed Martin de Porres, the Dominican lay brother, a Negro whose canonization is pending. That information answers your final problem—the Church's alleged attitude of "white supremacy."

OW ONE MAN LEARNED THAT

t's Easy o Write Every Day

y RUSSELL HALL DAVISON

The price of a stamp brings GI's a needed smile

Ewing Galloway photo

Private G. I. Joe
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco
California

OU'VE probably written a letter to an address very similar to that ve. Perhaps you've written not a letters. But have you written every ? Have you put warmth and good er and a lift inside a daily envelope flipped it to the kid in Korea?

ou're busy? Who isn't? At the end he day you're all tuckered out. Who t? Just ask yourself how busy and d a man gets when fighting a war.

My brother is in Korea. He is an ny Private, twenty years old. I began ting to him the day he left for Seat- just prior to sailing overseas. I've n writing a daily letter ever since.

What do I write about? Anything d everything. Mostly light, cheery ff sprinkled with all the family gos- and neighborhood news I may her in the course of a day. I usually s in any jokes I have heard or read d often have the antics and new words my twenty-one-month-old son to pass to his doting uncle. Some of my ters are quite zany. I've written imi- ions of radio comedians and Broad- y columnists with a personalized, ighborhood slant. But you need do ne of these things. Just be yourself, agine you are sitting across the table m him, talking, and the result will be tural and easy. A word of caution: gay. You don't like to receive gloomy ters. Neither does he.

Some people can sit down and write letter as easy as turning on the water . There was a time when I thought belonged in this category. That was before I started writing a letter a day. Gradually I picked up a few tricks. One of these is to take notes. When something occurs to me while shaving, on the subway, or in the "jute mill," I write it down. And my letter has already begun. Another gimmick I employ is the use of clippings. I clip all the funny stories, epigrams, cartoons, and features that would interest him.

Packages are important, too. He can't run down to the cigar store or the drug emporium whenever he gets the urge and in some places cigarettes and film are rationed. I air mail a carton of cigarettes every month and as I enjoy receiving snapshots from Korea I try to send a few rolls of film now and then.

At regular intervals I ship a box of food. Sure, the Army feeds them. It feeds them well. Yet, they enjoy a snack just as you and I enjoy raiding the icebox. As they don't have a handy refrigerator to ransack, a package is the next best thing.

Newspapers and magazines help to keep him diverted and informed and can be mailed reasonably. I use clasp envelopes and mark them thusly: COMPLETE NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE, etc. I also send an occasional pocket edition book.

All my letters go via air mail. It only costs six cents for an air mail stamp and the letter I mail tonight will reach my brother, in Korea, in a week to ten days.

MY letters have also carried extra freight. By using commercial sized envelopes I am able to send the Sunday funnies each week. And by purchasing tobacco that comes in a slim paper pouch I can slip it in with my chit-chat. Even smaller envelopes can carry items like razor blades and lighter flints. Watch the weight when you enclose items!

For the price of a stamp you can bridge the miles and bring a smile, a bit of cheer, and a touch of home into the life of a service man.

Books

THE DARK ANGEL

By Mika Waltari. *374 pages.*
Putnam. *$3.75*

Mika Waltari

Five hundred years ago Constantinople stood at the crossroads of the East and the West. Viewed by the Ottoman Sultan Mohammed II as the fulcrum of Western power, he devoted his attention to the capture of this Second Rome. Constantine XIII had but 10,000 men at his command, and his sole strategical asset was the tremendous wall-system of his city; but under continual bombardment from heavy artillery, the assaults of over 100,000 Janissaries, the threat of a substantial fleet dragged overland from the Bosporus to the Golden Horn, Constantinople fell to the Moslems on May 29, 1453. Within this historical frame, Mika Waltari has created an extraordinary adventure story of romance, intrigue, and duplicity.

The novel is unfolded from the diary of a John Angelos. Known to the Turks as "The Dark Angel," his main concern is the pursuit of the bewitching Anna Notaras, daughter of the Megadux, Lukas Notaras. Through her, John Angelos is drawn into the conspiracy of her father and becomes involved in almost every aspect of the famous siege. Unfortunately, the tragedy of the love affair—which all too often looms as the most important feature of the narrative—is overshadowed by the destruction of Constantinople and the death of its gallant defenders only when the novel mounts to a memorable conclusion.

Better by far than the author's *Adventurer* and *Wanderer,* and equal to his *Egyptian, The Dark Angel* is, all in all, a readable piece of historical fiction.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL WEDDING

By Virginia Rowans. *242 pages.*
Crowell. *$3.00*

If it is true that the whole world loves a wedding, and there are no nuptial festivities immediately scheduled among your acquaintances, here is a wonderful wedding to share vicariously. If there is to be a wedding, do *not* send the bride a copy of this book; two score other friends will have had the same idea. Instead, study carefully the chapter on wedding gifts so that when you are being shown the presents you will not have to cringe over your own hapless selection.

Miss Rowans has written, as a hilariously satirical novel, of the union of two families of what might be called upper-suburbia, differing only in the respective mores of California and New York's Long Island. She starts tentatively with the asking of the bride's hand in marriage, which may be a little outdated and may account for a certain stiffness in her humor. In her earlier chapters she is well-nigh relentless in establishing her social scene by naming like the ships of Homer every purveyor of both women's and men's apparel considered to have a sophisticated cachet. But once over that odd idea of radio commercials, she gallops off in all directions with the greatest of glee, in which the reader happily joins.

The publishers compare her humor, oddly, to that of Noel Coward, Saki, and Joe Miller. Vile slanderers! She is closer to Jackie Gleason, Red Buttons, and "Lucy." After her slow start, Miss Rowans is fun, fun all the way. And for all her gay giddiness, she deftly manages a whole series of superb individual characterizations that give the saving grace of naturalness to even the most farcical of the situations that her madcap inspiration has permitted itself.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

By Conrad Richter. *179 pages.*
Knopf. *$2.50*

Conrad Richter

Conrad Richter has had notable success with historical fiction. For a long time he has been describing pioneer days in Pennsylvania, where Indians and settlers fought to secure their homes from danger, their lives criss-crossing often and always with disastrous effect, their intentions good—or so they think—but not good enough to make them face each other, assess what they find, and use this to secure peace.

Mr. Richter has not dramatized a moment in history, nor used history to give reality to a flimsy love story, and certainly not to fill in the gaps in the narrative, but he has devised actions or incidents, which might very well have happened to pioneers, and explored their implications.

His most recent book is a good example of Richter's methods—a four-year-old boy is captured by a tribe of Delawares and brought up as the son of one of their chieftains, but when, eleven years later, he is sent back to his own home, he is resentful, hating the way white men have condemned themselves to live in houses that shut them away from all the wild, free, untamed beauty of the universe; he hates their conventions, their dependence on stuffed granaries instead of on the Great Spirit. Both sides say they want peace, but go right on fighting; both sides are horrified by cruelty to children, but continue to scalp them. The novelist is setting right the balance of injustice which history, while not condoning, has not tried to set right.

The author was born in 1890 at Pine Grove, Pennsylvania, and from early youth has been getting ready for his real vocation—writing. He has examined old documents, letters, memoirs, has ridden all through the mountains of the district, has made it his business and his pleasure to find out from the old timers what really happened. He writes with a spare economy, too spare at times, but manages to re-create the untrammeled beauty of the universe, a sense of the beginning of life, fresh, young, and free. In spite of its achievements, the author has not been able to make the story cleave to the imagination.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

WESTWARD THE SUN

By Geoffrey Cotterell. *287 pages.*
Lippincott. *$3.50*

G. Cotterell

How V-2's and Yankee soldiers complicated the lives of pretty English girls in general, and eighteen-year-old Linda Ferrer in particular, is the theme of Geoffrey Cotterell's expert and refreshing latest novel. The skill and talent that illumined *Strait and Narrow* are here again evident. *West-*

l the Sun, though a much slighter
, is a well-realized comedy of situa-
and character; Linda, like Scarlett
Thackeray's Becky, is a first-class
nine portrait.
bright youngster, generally pert and
ible, Linda is sick to death of life
at on the receiving end of British
bishness. Her two chief suitors are
a local lad obsessed with body-
ding and a—to her—baffling Texas
ate, Marcus Holman. Her moonier
ments are passed meditating on an
er middle class dream hero, whose
to she once saw.
er lively world and its people are
ribed in a sharp-tongued Cockney:
m, who loves to watch for the bride
itled weddings; Ethel, Linda's rather
sociable younger sister; their anec-
al Grandma, and the muscle-minded
. And, except when he tries to write
erican (even here he does not often
ble), Cotterell has a true ear for
logue.
The happy war bride ending may be
much for Anglophobes or stern real-
but for its fine writing and cordial
rit toward America and Americans,
stward the Sun merits an apprecia-
welcome as an engaging example
literary "reverse lend-lease."

CLORINDA CLARKE.

IE SINGER NOT THE SONG

By Audrey Erskine Lindop. 371 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.75

A. E. Lindop

xico is perhaps the
st appropriate lo-
e Miss Lindop could
ve chosen for her
ghly charged conflict
tween the represent-
ves of good and
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JERRY COTTER.

MALENKOV: STALIN'S SUCCESSOR

By Martin Ebon. *284 pages.*
McGraw-Hill. *$3.75*

Such is the secrecy surrounding the leadership and internal events of modern Russia that, as Professor Harry Schwartz, Russian specialist for *The New York Times,* points out in his introduction, "there are no experts on Russia, merely varying degrees of ignorance," and even the parents of that country's new ruler remain unknown. Nonetheless, Martin Ebon, a political analyst who wrote *World Communism Today* in 1948, and writes editorials for the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Business Week,* has managed to give the reader a fairly full-faced portrait of Malenkov.

The picture which emerges is not a pretty one. Citing proofs for his theories, the author describes Malenkov as "a trained terrorist who traveled the road to power as a cunning, ruthless conspirator," a man now perhaps more bluntly relentless in his antipathy to the Western world that was Stalin.

Refusing to be taken in by the recent conciliatory gestures of the new Malenkov regime, the author concludes by stating that "no peace offensive can change the Soviet regime's intent to achieve world-wide supremacy . . . At such a moment in history, the free world must realize that the outstretched hand of the new man in the Kremlin is only a magician's gesture, seeking to distract attention from the danger of a raised bayonet."

The book also contains all of Malenkov's major speeches. No "light reading" this, but the problems it raises are ones with which every American—certainly every Catholic—should make it a point to acquaint himself.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

PERSIA IS MY HEART

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sensitive northern border on which many eyes are focused, including those of the Kremlin.

To Najmeh Najafi, the less than 25-year-old subject of this charming and revealing autobiography, Persia is home, where she grew up in the moral and financial security of an upper-class Moslem family. Grew up to the realization that the luxury of her mother's salon is not shared by the majority of her fellow Persians, that disease and misery flow out of the cave-slums surrounding Teheran, and that incredible hardships dog the fellah, tilling irrigated lands with primitive instruments.

In her teens Najmeh became a "career girl" in a country where women only recently lifted the veil. She learned to design clothes, opened a shop, and earned enough to study in the United States where she hopes to find support for her dream of bringing small private industries to Iranian villages—a scheme, in her opinion, that would introduce progress without destroying traditional village values.

The merit of this book lies in its factual content. When Najmeh turns to commentary, she wobbles. Her one attempt to explain a phase of Catholicism is wide of the mark. One can only hope that before this open-minded young woman leaves our shores some articulate Catholic will explain that the doctrine "no salvation outside the Church" does *not* mean Catholics believe all unbaptized persons are headed for Hell.

RAY NEVILLE.

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE

By Rumer Godden. *282 pages.*
Viking. *$3.50*

Rumer Godden

This superbly written novel describes in sensitive prose the sincere if sometimes tragic attempt of a young and attractive widow to establish a home for herself and her two children in a little villa in the beautiful vale of Kashmir, India. Burdened by her deceased husband's debts, Sophie Barrington Ward steadfastly refuses to return to England and to financial security, preferring to follow a dream of hers that happiness may be found for her youngsters and herself by living humbly, close to the Indian peasants.

Warned against such a will-o'-the-wisp fantasy by Pundit Pramatha Kaul, her wise landlord, by Profit David, her merchant friend, and even by Dr. Lochinvar, a missionary doctor in love with her, Sophie follows through with her plan and establishes her home on a mountainside surrounded by the clan of

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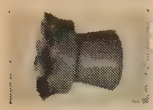

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the Dars. Within months this simple life becomes charged with dramatic situations. A fitting climax startles the reader when Teresa, Sophie's sensitive and charming young daughter, disappears. At last Sophie, long blind to the wise advice of more experienced Indian minds, realizes that her great independence of spirit may bring punishment if not to herself, then certainly upon someone she loves dearly.

Kingfishers Catch Fire is beautifully written, particularly in the author's delineation of Sophie and Teresa, two very beloved characters. The local Kashmir background is graphically portrayed, due perhaps to Miss Godden's own three observant years of residence in Kashmir.

While Miss Godden has a host of admirers for such past successes as *Black Narcissus, The River,* and *A Candle For St. Jude,* I feel that *Kingfishers Catch Fire* is her best work to date.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

THESE ITEMS OF DESIRE

By Louis A. Brennan. 376 pages.
Random House. $3.50

L. A. Brennan

A spirit of drab heathenism pervades *These Items of Desire.* It is the story of Mid McArdle, nymphomaniac, and her friends and family along a middle-class Tobacco Road. Mid, a young woman still in her early twenties, has developed a habit of lust that is truly incredible. She has attempted the seduction of considerable of the local males—succeeded temporarily with a few—and finally proposes to the poor fellow whom she turned down in the first chapter. He, apparently having a taste for maladjusted girls, accepts.

But we are not treated to Mid's moon madness alone. Her miserly elder sister is quite as predatory; Her nephews are Dead End Kids. Her mother is the image of materialism; her father, an adulterer. The maid, Verna, has a crush on Mid's father, and Jessie, Mid's confidante, traps a neighborhood yokel into marriage so her unborn baby will have a last name. Rarely has a tale of man's inhumanity to woman and *vice versa* been told in grimmer detail.

The style shifts between suggestiveness and medical journal jargon. The book's nadir is reached when Mid, on finding her father in the classic hotel room with his mistress, objects, but "not because of the Church morals."

Louis Brennan cannot be accused of making vice attractive or of letting his vicious characters off unpunished either by fate or their consciences, but *These Items of Desire* is, nonetheless, little more than a chronicle of poor white trash who, despite their bank balances and well-lawned homes, are figures of fiction at its poorest and trashiest.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

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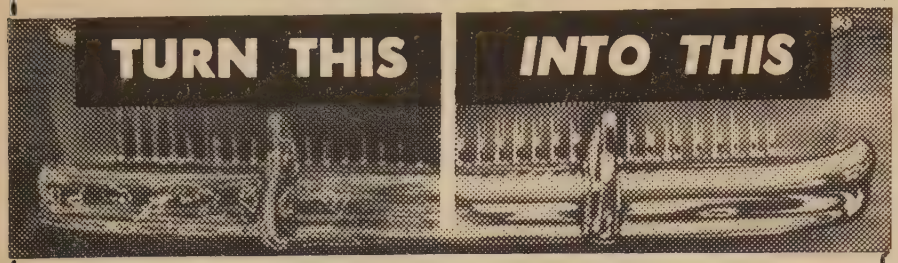

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yacht, visited him at his home on the Isle of Wight.

Now in his seventy-third year, Alfred Noyes deserves his honors. He has worked hard. He has written intelligibly, directly, and entertainingly. He has been a staunch defender of the Faith, to which he became converted in 1927. The "Two Worlds" of his title are England and America. Shuttling back and forth between them, he has been a genuine "ambassador of good will."

In these memoirs, Mr. Noyes, when he writes about persons, places, and ideas, is his entertaining self. He can tell a good story. He has a sense of humor—and a sense of poetry, of course: the book is agreeably seasoned with quotations from his own verse and the verse of others.

But when he writes about Alfred Noyes, he can at times, unfortunately, be complacent. The book is also seasoned—and not always agreeably—with favorable comments by friends on the poetry and prose of Alfred Noyes. And the names of a number of ladies and gentlemen of high social station (although many of them are not at all known on this side of the Atlantic) seem to be mentioned simply for the sake of mentioning them. Tighter editing, in short, would have made this a better book. But not a memorable one: it is lacking in tone, resonance, style, distinction.

JONATHAN DRAPIER.

SHORT NOTICES

SO NEAR IS GOD. By Rev. James M. Gillis. 210 pages. Scribner's. $3.00. Twenty-six "conferences," or brief essays, on aspects of our Faith are presented by Father Gillis, former editor of *The Catholic World* and for many years identified with radio's "The Catholic Hour." The chapters range in subject matter from an analysis of the nature of the Christian religion, of self-discipline, and of temptation, to a discussion of Christ's Mother and of heaven.

Consistent admirers of Father Gillis will know what to expect in this new publication, and those to whom he is new will discover here rewardingly contemplative material that is always stylistically readable. Cardinal Spellman supplies the book's "foreword."

MEN LIKE SHADOWS. By Dorothy Charques. 343 pages. Coward-McCann. $3.75. *Men Like Shadows* is an exciting historical novel set against the background of the Third Crusade. In order not to dramatize a moment in his-

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tory and not to smother the action under a mass of historical detail, the author has centered attention on five or six characters who follow Richard the Lionhearted and whose varied experiences may be taken as representative. It is not history as such that the author is concerned with, but rather the shaping hand of historical event on these characters.

The men who follow Richard the Lionhearted are a varied lot, but whether they have been moved by love of God, craving for adventure, or by boredom, they learn all too late that war is futile, that it is not the right weapon for defending the Cross, and that their conflict can be described as shadows pursuing shadows.

The author, who is a well-seasoned novelist, writes in a beautiful style; the scenes are brilliantly placed so as to show the reader what part of the narrative is to be stressed.

FATHER TOMPKINS OF NOVA SCOTIA. By George Boyle. 234 pages. Kenedy. $3.00. This biography of Father "Jimmy" Tompkins will be welcomed by all who are interested in the "Antigonish Movement." The inspiring accomplishments of the Nova Scotia cooperatives has received wide publicity in recent years. Father Tompkins' part in the movement was primarily to rouse people from their apathy. He was a planter of ideas and a driving force to get action started. All the things he fought for, from adult education to branch libraries for small communities, were motivated by a realistic conception of true charity. His life is a shining example of what can be accomplished by one man who is armed with nothing but faith and determination.

THIS IS THE SEMINARY. By Rawley Myers. 121 pages. Bruce. $2.00. This is for the high school student who "can't make up his mind" about studying for the priesthood; this is for the boy who has already passed the entrance examination and knows what he wants; and this is also for the simply curious who wonder what ever they do all day in "that priest-factory." Father Myers, who is director of vocations in the diocese of Lincoln, Neb., will give all of them a blow-by-blow description of a seminarian having the rough edges knocked off. Here is the seminarian from freshman to priest. And here is his life from five-thirty in the morning until "lights out." This ought to help many a boy make up his mind—one way or another.

SAINTS WESTWARD. By Donald Attwater. 130 pages. Kenedy. $2.50. This is a collection of short, biographical sketches, giving a brief glimpse into the lives of the great men and women who first planted the seeds of Faith in the

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Western Hemisphere. Some have been canonized or beatified, and some there are whose cause has just begun. Some are little known, such as St. Francis Solano, Blessed Sebastian Aparicio, Blessed John Massias, St. Louis Bertrand, Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys, St. Toribio, (well known in South America and a contemporary of St. Rose of Lima). Better known to us are Blessed Martin dePorres, Father Junipero Serra, St. Peter Claver, and St. Frances Cabrini, to mention a few.

We Americans, with our European backgrounds, are accustomed to look to Europe as the garden of saints. It is gratifying to know, therefore, that our own heritage of sanctity is great and worthy of our attention.

FEW ARE CHOSEN. By Norma Downey Ferraro. 307 pages. Harper. $3.50. Mrs. Ferraro entered the convent at fifteen, admittedly to escape her plight as an orphan. Four years later after what she describes as a period of "unnatural" restrictions, she leaves to find "happiness and peace" in the world. Hardly one of the book's characters is a happy, balanced person. There is Geraldine who died of tuberculosis in her determination to become a nun. And Christine, who left, unable to frustrate her desire for marriage. The conclusion that uninformed readers will draw from this obviously unfair evaluation is that the sisterhood is but a gathering place for religious fanatics and cranky old martinets.

THE HOUR OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Reinhold Schneider. 113 pages. Franciscan Herald Press. $1.75. It is probably a salutary thing for the world that there should be no end in sight to books about the Assisian, since the "hour" which needs his message continues century after century. The present little volume is a combined study of the saint's life and his message of poverty, humility, the spirit of prayer, and the love of God and His creatures, written with a rather quaint unction but an unfailing sincerity by a leader of contemporary German Catholicism. Unfortunately the Englishing has not been too gracefully accomplished.

THE FLORENTINE. By Carl J. Spinatelli. 404 pages. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. As a musician may play elaborate variations upon a familiar theme, Carl Spinatelli has undertaken to expand, in terms of the swiftly moving historical novel of incident, the famous *Autobiography* of Benvenuto Cellini. Those who delight in the exquisite craftsmanship of the Rospigliosi cup, attributed to Cellini, at New York's Metropolitan Museum might wish for a more thoughtful study of the man behind the swash-

ding master goldsmith; but Mr. atelli sticks closely to Cellini's own overt picture of himself. His novel help to set the Renaissance stage which Cellini strutted.

E KREMLIN vs. THE PEOPLE. Robert Magidoff. 288 pages. Double- $3.50. We are all familiar with the et "zig-zag" in international affairs. s book is largely a history of that e Communist tactic as applied to sia's internal problems. And, as *The nlin vs. the People* records, those blems are numerous and knotty. hing startlingly new is revealed, but books on Russia bring to light iously unpublished facts. nfortunately, this book was on the ses as Stalin lay dying, yet its value almost-current history is undimin- d. It affords more profitable reading most of the speculation that has n about since Stalin's death.

RID UNDSET. By A. H. Winsnes. pages. Sheed & Ward. $3.00. This and interesting biography of id Undset makes a valuable con- ution both to literary and to social ory. No critic should be satisfied an examination of her novels, fused imaginative intensity as they are, should go on to examine the rele- e of all Mrs. Undset's ideas to the l and human scene. Two important stand out here—that Mrs. Undset ores every idea and movement of times, to say nothing of her iant re-creation of the Middle Ages, that for sheer artistic beauty her els would be hard to equal any- re.

r. Winsnes is not afraid to work. says that in writing this book he nined in its entirety the main body Mrs. Undset's work, a back-breaking indeed, the novels, epic and ern, short stories, scholarly treat- articles, pamphlets, biographies, ches, and memoirs. As much of this not been translated into English work will be invaluable to critics scholars.

E MARK. By Rev. William L. Doty. pages. Bruce. $3.00. *The Mark* is a rting and perceptive story of a g priest, who, after five years of sh work, is sent to teach in a olic high school for boys. He n't want to teach, says he hasn't the ground for it, and certainly no nation toward it, but his superiors t him to teach, and teach he does. he poor young priest meets his first in fear and trembling, but the file by talking, banging each other, ing gum, with hardly a glance rd the new teacher. He is certain that he is a failure. As time goes on, his antipathy grows rather than lessens. Only at the end of the year the priest discovers his part in the failure. He has looked within himself for the source of his failure instead of taking it to Christ, a failure to love, he sees.

The scenes are clear and well rounded, and though there are touches of the slick magazine here and there, the style is good. Above all, it is not preachy or sentimental.

STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL. John E. Kieffer. 306 pages. McKay. $4.00. Lt. Col. Kieffer is the geopolitician whose *Realities of World Power* was published last year. In that volume, Kieffer discussed the technique of world conquest —the things that would have to go into such projects of aggression as were indulged by the Nazis and are being indulged by Communism. The present volume is narrower in scope. It asks and answers the question: What does the free world have to do to survive? The problem is not peace but survival. *Strategy for Survival* investigates the whole pattern, from the first faint breath of the cold war to the reconstruction mop-up of the defeated Soviet axis, after the shooting is finished. Kieffer is an excellent corrective for those who fiddle about witch hunts while the comrade-witches burn down the country. They have it burning right now, as author Kieffer makes very clear. This is one of the most important books published of our time.

THE HIGHWAY TO LOVE. By Stephen Sweeney, C.P. 252 pages. Manus Langan Press. $3.00. The many devoted readers of Father Stephen's *Whisperings to God* will be delighted to find more of the same in his new publication of spiritual thoughts and practical meditations. Perhaps the most deft description of this work is found in the preface written by Archbishop Cushing of Boston, who refers to it as "a transcript of Father Stephen's personal scrapbook." This is a book of devotion, calculated to satisfy the needs of those souls who would love God always but must frequently be on the move and who must gather their thoughts quickly. Its brevity, clarity, and simplicity, make it a storehouse of popular devotion which can be picked up with profit at any time and read with benefit from any page. The litany of gratitude in the author's introduction reveals eloquently his own progress on the Highway to Love.

GOD AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. Victor White, O.P. 277 pages. Regnery. $4.00. Father White has done a remarkable job in this book. So remarkable that the famous mental therapist, Jung, considers it the first work from the

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Catholic side to make a serious attem at integrating the new science of the u conscious with the old philosophy a theology of the conscious. Auth White is a man of wide and profou scholarship. He is also a man of virtu the kind of virtue it takes to de sympathetically with thinkers who, pioneering with distinction in one fie have misconceived the value of earli sages. After the manner of his maste Aquinas, Father White puts the be construction on the theories of mode psycho-therapists and attempts Christianize them. He does not cla complete success at this harmonizatio But his effort points the way to eve tual success. Special readership for th volume would be priests, medical me and all who are interested in philosop in its scholarly presentation.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AN THE GERMAN AMERICANS. Colman J. Barry, O.S.B. 348 pag Bruce. $6.00. The impact of the Germa immigrant on the development Catholicism in America is one of t most important, if somewhat neglecte chapters in American Church Histor The rising animosity in the latter pa of the century between the Germa Catholics and those Catholic leade who sought to "Americanize" the Cath lic group gave rise to a division whi threatened to rend asunder the Chur in America. As a result of painstaki research in American and Europea libraries and archives, the author su cessfully penetrates the fog of invecti and intrigue to present an objecti analysis. Father Barry has produced notable contribution to the study of th Catholic Church in the United States.

STEPHANIA. Ilona Karmel. 375 page Houghton Mifflin. $3.75. *Stephania* the story of three women, who at th end of the last war, find their liv inextricably bound up together in Swedish hospital for the handicappe The action covers one year, and at th end of that year each character h been altered, not very much, but enoug to indicate the course his future is take. Little Thura, all but complete paralyzed, is sent home as incurable she meets this judgment which has bee passed upon her with patience an courage; Froken Nilssohn, who lives o a diet of rich food and imaginary lo affairs, marries Willy, the crippled Ja of all trades in the hospital, an Stephania, who after two or three yea in concentration camps, finds exp rience almost meaningless, and yet i the end is planning to return to th hospital to help people who are ill.

Though the story is autobiographic in part, the experience is objectifie and the characters have an independen life of their own.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 2*)

cessfully combat atheistic Communism, how then can any of us give such recognition to the head of a nation that is aiding and abetting Communism. Churchill is striving with might and main to have our own Government recognize Red China, which means giving Communism additional power and votes in the U.N. Worse still, it means giving the Communists the "green light" in Asia, and all to promote British trade.

We are awaiting the return of one of my sons from Asia, and frankly I would not want him to see THE SIGN honoring the Queen of a country that supplied the Chinese Reds with the means of killing thousands of his comrades.

I have just returned from Europe and I am convinced that most of us will have to become as loyal to the United States as Andrew Boyle is to England and things British or our country will be heading for real trouble.

MATTHEW J. TROY
JUSTICE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Editor's Note: Did you think *Time* was Communistic when they had Stalin on the cover? The Queen is news. If you read the article you missed the point. The Queen even after her anointing has no personal power to determine either foreign or domestic policy in Britain. If even the Holy Father sends a representative to the Coronation, we feel that perhaps *we* are not the ones suffering from prejudiced propaganda.

In Appreciation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to thank you for publishing the article entitled "English Catholics on the March." Reading it critically, I could not find any fault with the facts as printed. At times American magazines and newspapers print articles about England and its people which are based on misunderstandings, but this accurate account of the life of English Catholics will, I am sure, help your fellow countrymen to judge us correctly.

One point I would like to have seen stated: it is the fact that the percentage of English Catholics who hear Sunday Mass is far higher than that of the attendance in continental countries which have predominantly Catholic populations.

Also, it should be noted that Catholics on the whole in this country are loyal to their Church and take an interest in their Faith. On the other hand, the majority of their non-Catholic neighbors take very little interest in the national Church. Their membership in it could only be called nominal.

The author mentions that Catholics are apathetic toward the trade unions and the local political party branches. This is true, but it should be borne in mind that this criticism also applies to the majority of the country's citizens.

There are other reasons why the Catholics tend to join and vote for the Labour Party in preference to the Conservatives. They are: firstly, the Tories are known to have a Protestant tradition behind them, and secondly, they are on the whole the party for the wealthy, whereas most of the English Catholics belong to the working class.

May God bless you all.

MR. M. WHELAN, JR.
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Infused Knowledge

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Though I am or think I am a Democrat, and I know you to be Republican, let me say that I enjoy your editorial comments. This is the first year I have been a subscriber to your magazine and like it very much.

JULIA D. REED
ALEXANDRIA, PA.

Acquired Knowledge

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am a sophomore at Ramona Convent High School. I am writing you this letter just as I have finished reading the article, "And Baby Makes Seven," which appeared in the March issue of THE SIGN. This was really one of the most inspiring stories I have ever read. I think the author, Mr. Ed Mack Miller, must have had a great deal of courage and conviction to write such a true and beautiful story.

This article, I think, should inspire the young people of today and not only make them better Christians but also better Americans.

MISS ELAINE EHRING
ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

We Remembered

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Because of the remoteness of this place and because of the irregularity of the postal service, I have just recently read the January 1953 issue of THE SIGN. In "Current Fact and Comment" you printed a most graphic picture, the caption being, "Lest we forget, the other Communist front in Indo-China. France fights here with vast expenditure of men and arms."

The French fighting men whom I have met both in France and in the Orient would well appreciate this slight recognition. The "Lest we forget" is more appropriate; we Americans are not the only ones actively combating Communism.

Congratulations on such a pointed, telling pictorial editorial.

FELIX E. GILLIGAN, F.M.S.
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

An Eagle Eye

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take exception to a statement which appeared in the May issue of your publication?

I refer to the article entitled "Your First Girl," written by Jim Bishop. In his lead paragraph Mr. Bishop says: "Years ago, some man who sold flowers, or candy, or greeting cards, thought up the idea of a special day for her (Mother's Day)." Mr. Bishop went on to castigate, justifiably, those people who have commercialized the idea of Mother's Day.

Actually, the first reported suggestion for the observation of Mother's Day was made by a member of the Fraternal Order of

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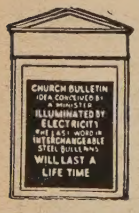
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For ten years the Eagles waged a campaign to have the day placed on our official calendar and in 1914 the Congress officially designated the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day.

Mr. Hering, who is now dead, was twice singled out for tribute by the American War Mothers in recognition of his efforts for Mother's Day.

I trust you will not be offended by this relatively minor criticism, but I did want to set the record straight. Mother's Day, despite the highly commercialized atmosphere in which it is now celebrated, was not founded by "some man who sold flowers, or candy, or greeting cards. . . ."

M. L. Brown
Administration Director
Fraternal Order of Eagles
Springfield, Ohio

Editor's Note: Excuse us. We had the wrong man.

Protest

Editors of The Sign:

Please allow me a strong protest against your review of my book, *The Burning Flame* (Pius X). It is quite inexact of your reviewer to say that "more space is devoted to surmise than to the great recorded events of the Blessed's (sic) papacy." This is both untrue and unfair. I went through every page of the *Acta* (seven volumes) that record the beatification of Pius X, and my biography is firmly based on these first-hand testimonies.

It may interest your reviewer to discover that Satolli's convincing arguments during the conclave are based on fact.

Rev. Francis Beauchesne Thornton
Port Washington, N. Y.

Agreement

Editors of The Sign:

Let me say that one of the things which I admired was your fair review of the movie *I Confess.* Every Catholic magazine which I have read has been most unfair to it and aroused the disgust and contempt of the student body. Congratulations on a pleasing article.

Tommy Turner
Beaumont, Texas

Social Errors?

Editors of The Sign:

For some years it has been distressing to note that The Sign, along with a portion of the Catholic press, is apparently tolerant of the principle of government intervention in economic affairs. The May, 1953 issue of The Sign indicated this tendency with regrettable clarity. The editorial expressed the hope, in the name of the average farmer, that farm price supports by the federal government would continue. The hopes of the average taxpayer were muted. On page 10 there was a laudatory article about Senator Mansfield of Montana, a McLiberal wheelhorse of the now happily departed Truman regime during his days in the House of Representatives. The article gloats over Mansfield's denunciation of "absentee landlords of the East" who refuse to "help Montana," and notes with approval his advocacy of the socialized electricity project at Hungry Horse Dam.

On page 20, there commences an informative and well-written article on the position of the Church in Australia. Here, however, we find expressed the hope of state support for denominational schools in that country. A large portion of the article is devoted to a narration of the Church's encouragement of unions among the "workers," by whom the author evidently means those workers who work with their hands. It is, of course, implicit in this mass union movement that the government must actively intervene to prevent the free forming of contractual relationships between employer and employee.

The intent of the writer is not accusing The Sign of desiring socialism. It is clear that it does not, as demonstrated by its firm opposition to that awful menace as manifested in Russia. But why does The Sign advocate the components of socialism singly if it so emphatically rejects the finished product?

As a literate Catholic publication, The Sign should be in the forefront of the battle for liberty. Eminent American Catholics are not lacking to fill its pages in such a cause, and it would be a welcome change from the egghead authors who sometimes infiltrate the pages of The Sign.

James J. Mason
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Editor's Note: We recommend a reading of what Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI had to say in their great encyclicals on labor concerning the duties of the State toward the workingman. We're so relieved not to be called Socialists. Out-of-context quotations can build up a case for or against anything.

P. S. Our authors forgive you too!

Changing Times

Editors of The Sign:

It seems shocking to me nowadays to see Catholic women tramping up the aisles during Mass. It makes no difference whether the priest is making announcements, preaching a sermon, or even pronouncing the words of consecration. Years ago a latecomer would have slipped as quietly as possible into a back pew; or waited and tiptoed to the nearest seat.

If these people attended a musicale, would they tramp to their seats during a violin solo? I wonder! Perhaps I'm just old-fashioned.

Margaret Ryan
New York, N. Y.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matters appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.